

THE CONSUELTION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

From the Salem Gazette.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.

The following interesting account of what may almost be called a miraculous escape from death, has been handed to us for publication by a highly respectable clergyman in a neighboring town, to whom it was communicated by one of his parishioners. The writer is a very intelligent and worthy man, and of unimpeachable veracity. We have not taken the liberty to alter a single word of the original narrative, merely omitting about a page of the manuscript, in which satisfactory reasons are assigned for its long delay and final publication:

JULY 20th, 1831.

DEAR SIR—The fact of my having had a narrow and providential escape from a horrid death some years ago, has from time to time been a subject of much observation and inquiry among my friends and fellow townsmen generally. * * * *

Recent occurrences and suggestions have at length induced me, after the lapse of 12 years, to give the details of the catastrophe that publicity which I have so often declined. I am told that the public would not have been so incredulous concerning the awful fate of Mr. Blaney of Swampscot, last season, if they had had the history of my own. It is also thought that the details of my attack and escape might have afforded a useful hint to that unfortunate man, and might also serve as a beacon to all such as might hereafter, from any circumstances, become surrounded by a shoal of sharks.

I have thus felt it my duty to disburden myself of the reasons at length which have operated to postpone this public statement, and also the reasons which have brought me to the conclusion to communicate them for publication. The recent arrival of a dead whale in our harbor, has operated to bring the occurrence fresh to my recollection, and also admonishes me to redeem the promise I made you last winter of communicating a statement of the facts of the case without further delay. The following is a brief narrative of the transaction, collected from memory and the aid of my memorandum journal, as written at the time of its occurrence, and also some incidental observations.

Soon after I arrived at the age of 21 years, business being dull and my health precarious, I resolved to take a fishing voyage to Grand Bank, for the purpose of gratifying a natural curiosity, in connexion with my desire to enjoy the benefit of the sea air, and the obtaining of such information as circumstances and the nature of the employment might afford. We departed on our voyage in the month of May, 1818, and upon my return, in August following, finding my business still poor, and having been to considerable expense for my first outfit, I thought proper to continue for a time in the employment, and accordingly finished the year in the same occupation. I also continued in the fishing line through the two following years of 1819 and 20—the former in the mackerel line on our coast, and the latter after Cod on the coast of Labrador. It was during one of our mackerel trips, in the summer of 1819, that the accident took place.

We sailed from our harbor in the schooner Science, on Friday, the second day of July. Our vessel's company consisted of nine persons,—Joseph L. Wormstead, the master, Thomas Roundey, William Green, Richard Cole, Thomas Powers, Joseph Vincent, Thomas Russell, Edward Roundey, son of the above, and myself. We cruised between the shoal of Georges, and the coast of Maine, without any material occurrence, till Tuesday, the 20th of the same month. We were then about 100 miles eastward of Cape Ann, and but a few leagues from the shoal called Cash's Ledge. A brighter or more pleasant day could never be expected on our coast than this. Immediately after dawn a black body was discovered about a mile distant, which was conjectured to be either a large boat bottom upwards, or a dead whale. It being calm, and the water perfectly

smooth, we lowered the moses boat to ascertain its true character. Our boat had been absent but a short time before her crew signalized a dead whale, and a light breeze springing up about the same time, we soon brought the schooner along side, and made preparations for flaying him.* It was of the species common to the coast, and between forty and fifty feet in length, according to the space it filled along side the vessel, and was surrounded by numerous sharks. The body of the whale bore ample proof of the voracious character of the company it was in. Probably not less than one hundred choice morsels, from a foot to a foot and a half in diameter, had been voraciously abstracted from its skin. These spots being of a snowy white, contrasted finely with the jet black hide of the whale, and gave some parts of his exterior altogether a showy and unique appearance.—Such was the desperate boldness of these animals, that many of them continued around us for some time after we were grappled to the whale, and nothing daunted by the continual mauling they encountered from the oars and other weapons of our crew, they continued for several hours to commit their depredations upon him.

About 10 A. M. the 'tollings' which had washed from the whale, drew a shoal of mackerel up along-side, and wishing to take as much advantage of this circumstance as possible, we kept two hands aft side of the head of the whale on the quarter deck to try the lines, and give us notice if they should bite sharp, in order that we might embrace the opportunity to get out our dories (flat bottom boats about 14 feet in length, and nearly as 'tipish' as an Indian's canoe) and proceed to windward to fish for them.—Upon the appearance of the mackerel the sharks began to disappear in pursuit of them, and this circumstance made us less anxious about any danger which we thought might possibly exist in venturing among them in such frail vehicles. In a few minutes our hands on the quarter deck informed us the mackerel seemed disposed to take the hook, (a thing they will sometimes fail to do for whole days, although myriads might be along side) and that they were plenty. We immediately quit working on the whale, hoisted out our boats and proceeded to windward at different distances from the schooner, and after catching a few fish the sharks made their appearance again, and the mackerel immediately fled. We returned on board, fastened our boats, and proceeded to work again. In another hour the sharks had apparently gone in pursuit of fish, and yet another still more hungry than the first had made its appearance, and we immediately quit our whale-work again. Here an explanation may be due to some readers to account for the propriety of our anxiety to improve every moment to catch mackerel, the chief object of our voyage, while they were alongside. We had now been out nearly three weeks, and had caught comparatively nothing. In addition to this it is not generally known, that, unlike the cod fishing, it is no uncommon thing for a vessel to try the best fishing ground in every direction for days, even weeks, without getting enough to eat; still more,—the same vessel, with a common crew, could make up a load with six hours' fishing, allowing sufficient intervals to dress and salt them. The crew of the vessel I was in would catch a 'wash barrel' a minute, upon an average, with a hungry shoal alongside. 'Two of these 'wash barrels' make one packed barrel consequently, 20 minutes fishing a day, would, in 20 days, give 200 barrels, so that every one must see the importance of improving every moment of good fishing. But to return: we proceeded as before to windward of the vessel in two dories and a moses boat,—one dory next the schooner, the boat next, and our captain and myself in the furthest dory, about 100 yards from the schooner. For a few minutes we of the outer dory found mackerel as fast as we could well take them, although they were deeper than usual. We were not a little surprised at this, because a monstrous shark kept constantly playing around us on the surface of the water, and at the bare sight of a shark in most instances mackerel will flee. The shark kept swimming so near us in a dull and indolent manner that our fish bobs frequently fell on his back. We then took our oars and beat him over the head, and when he would not go off with that, we even punched his eyes; but all would not answer; he took no

* I have applied the masculine gender to both whale and shark, as being most familiar and agreeable to the idiom practised among us.

more notice of the blows we gave him than if instead of him we had beat the air—he approached even nigher, as we repeated our efforts to keep him off.

But at length the shark suddenly disappeared, and with him all the mackerel. We now lay 'on our oars' for some time, awaiting their return. The sea shone in its full meridian splendor, and a balmy breeze springing up from the southwest, backed as its rippling effect on the water was by the oil that washed from the whale—served only to make the scene more inviting and pleasant. We at this moment had no shark to gaze upon to give anxiety to our minds or employment to our oars, and accordingly sat down on the thwarts of our frail little bark, leisurely watching the return of the object of our pursuit. The water was so transparent and smooth that I could distinctly see several fathoms below its surface on the shady side of the boat; and it was whilst I was thus employed gazing into the blue expanse beneath us, with a view of noticing the expected return of the fish, that something glanced before my eyes, darting up from the deep with the rapidity of light, and at the same instant struck the dory, about the centre of the after part, nearly under the feet of my partner! So great was the concussion that the boat must have been lifted a foot out of the water, and I am confident he would have been precipitated into the sea, but from the fact that the blow was so central that the boat lifted and fell without canting in the least. As it was, he was thrown forward with great violence across the after thwart, and exclaiming aloud with terror and surprise, inquired what had caused it. I replied, it must have been the shark chasing a mackerel, and that the boat was struck by accident rather than design. I should always have remained inclined to this opinion but for the subsequent occurrences. Our shipmates in the other boats distinctly heard the blow and the dashing of the water when the boat fell, and upon inquiring the cause received the same answer that I had just given my partner. We tended our lines a few minutes longer, with more caution and some doubt of the safety of our situation, when lo! upon hearing a noise in the direction of the vessel, we turned our eyes and beheld a monstrous shark with his nose on the stern of the moses boat, and his mouth extended to devour it. Had not the stern of the moses boat sloped under, its oaken plank would have received indubitable proof of the strength of his jaws; but as its slope prevented the contact, he desisted and sank into his element again. It might not be amiss to observe here that the mouths of most large sharks are situated a foot or more from their nose or snout, and beneath, so that they can never bite an object in their natural position without first running over it: to bite any thing above them they must first turn on their backs. This last manœuvre they are so dexterous in that they will perform it instantaneously.

What had before been matter of doubt was now actual demonstration. We had seen with our own eyes the object of our voracious visiter, and lost no time in taking our lines and making the best of our way to the schooner. Our alarm was heightened when the crew of the moses boat informed us that he had left them and shaped his course for us. As my partner was much more sure footed in a wabbling unsteady dory than myself, he insisted upon bracing himself in a standing position to scull, and directed me to secure myself forward and assist him in keeping a look out for the enemy. I accordingly settled on my knees and grasped the ribbon on the top railing of the dory with all the strength I was master of, and in this position awaited the approach of the shark. The brightness of the sun's rays, reflecting on the water on the windward side of the boat, prevented my seeing an object beneath the surface until along side. It was thus that my partner saw the horrid approach of the terrible animal before myself. As soon as he discovered him he sang out in a stentorian voice, 'here he comes, Jem.' The pronunciation of the last word was simultaneous with the attack. He struck the boat exactly under my left knee, lifting and canting it at the same time with such prodigious force and violence that my hold was entirely broken by the concussion, and I was precipitated headlong into the sea on the top of him! It is needless for me to state that my feelings at this awful moment were indescribable. However, I was favored with a presence of mind which I must think was bestowed upon me for this trying occasion. In the days of my

boyhood I had learned to swim, but had never made much proficiency in the art; such as it was I turned to the best advantage. As soon as the velocity of my descent into the sea was expended, I turned and made an effort to reach the surface; but I found this impossible at this moment, for the shark had placed himself right across my bowels, and at the same time bit at them. I strained every nerve to push him clear of me that I might reach the surface. My legs, notwithstanding the weight of my sea boots, drew right under his huge body by that suction which every swimmer must have observed upon endeavoring to get out of the water into a boat. Whilst struggling against his cold and rough body to clear myself of him, my right hand slipped under his head, and at the same moment I felt his teeth enter my wrist and lacerate my arm and hand. It was about this moment that the crew discovered part of my boots erect amid the foam of the water, and also discovered the back fin of the shark. He now crossed my bowels. I recovered my posture, and when near the surface and gasping for breath, he seized me again by the hinder part of my leather trowsers and drew me still further under. The water had already made way into my mouth, and I believed all was gone. I thought of my beloved parents, relatives and friends—made another desperate struggle to avoid the grasp of death, and happily reached the surface of the water once more in a state of great exhaustion. Partly through the presence of mind from having heard that the negroes of the West Indies had been known to drive off sharks by noise, and partly through fright, (the latter will be thought to have had the greatest influence,) I screamed aloud and called upon God for assistance.

I now discovered the dory not less than three times its length from me in the direction the concussion must have driven it, and at the same moment the voice of my companion fell like music upon my ears as he strained every nerve to reach me, and pronounced the words 'I will save him if it costs me my life.' I swam with all my remaining strength, and as well as my sea clothing would permit me for the boat, the shark being all the while but a few feet behind, as my companions afterwards told me. Upon reaching the boat my good friend dropped his oar and sprang to my relief. He seized me by my woollen shirt to help me in, and his ardor to save me, might, for aught I know, have been fatal to us both if he had not desisted again, for the dory would not bear the weight of one man on the one side without a corresponding weight opposite to balance it. I accordingly begged him to desist and stand on the further side until I could in some measure balance myself on the edge. He then let go his hold, and stood so as properly to balance it, when I made a great effort, succeeded in reaching the opposite side, and then by his help got safely in. By this time the reason of the hands in the moses boat had so far got the better of their temporary fears, that they were seen coming round the bow of the schooner to our relief. This was even now a welcome sight, because one moses boat would have been worth a host of dories in case of an attack. My companion, however, plied his oar so well that we reached the schooner unmolested by the shark, and without any assistance, in a few minutes.

Arrived on board, with the blood streaming from my wrist and hand, I sat about searching for such other damage as I had sustained. My feelings were such at this time that I should scarcely have felt them if I had had a dozen wounds like the one which gaped before me. The result of my examination proved that all other parts of my person had escaped unscathed. Not so with my clothing: my clothes were bitten through, shirt and all, to my very skin, in more than a dozen places. Most of the holes in my leather trowsers were in the hinder part, and about the waistband in front. Several of them were more than an inch in length, and were apparently done by single teeth. Providentially the only wounds of much importance were confined to my wrist, three of his teeth having entered the back of it about the joint, as far as the bones would let them. One large tooth also entered the back of my hand about an inch below; all the rest of the harm was confined to scratches of but little depth on my arm and hand. The trowsers I have to this day. The rents were closed up, and they were used all the remaining part of that and the whole of the following year in the same employment, but they still bear the same indelible marks. Upon ex-

mining the dory afterward, it was found to have the impression of many of his teeth on the side and bottom, some of which were broken into the oak plank of which the bottom was composed. The compass of the surface bitten would equal the dimensions of a large plate. He left one of his teeth nearly entire in its bottom, which tooth I now have in my possession. It is not much bigger than the tooth of a common saw, and bears no proportion to the impressions made in my trousers, or the scars remaining on my wrist; so that I infer that it must have been one of a series of larger ones, it being known that these animals sometimes have several rows of teeth of different sizes. I have the jaw of one myself that has part of five rows.

Several different sized sharks kept round us during nearly all the time we were grappled to the whale; but the one that attacked us was well known from his size and appearance to be the most constant. After we arrived on board, he was the only one that we could see near us; and he for a time kept continually swimming around us so near that he could sometimes be reached with an oar. At one time, one of our crew plunged a two edged knife attached to an oar into him: he dragged the oar after him, and disappeared nearly half an hour, when he cleared himself of his incumbrance, and appeared along side again as bold as ever. The same gig was now brought up that had served on a former occasion to capture a huge swordfish. This was attached to the jib down-haul, and one of our crew whilst standing on the whale, plunged it into him; he dragged out all the warp and then cleared himself of it. Finally, finding further work upon the whale dangerous, and having secured about five butts of blubber, we cut adrift about 2 P. M. and immediately made sail and left him. We shortly after spoke a schooner from Provincetown, — Cook, commander, all prepared with whaling apparatus, and him we informed of the whale. The same afternoon we spoke him again, and upon hearing of my disaster he came on board. He stated there was a very large shark of what he called the "man-eating species," near the whale when he visited him, and that if the whale had been in the best order he should not have touched him without he could have first destroyed the shark. He also stated it as his belief that his liver would have made two barrels of oil. But I think his estimate exaggerates. The shark appeared, as he swam around us, to be about the length of the dory we were in, perhaps a little shorter. The dory was about fourteen feet in length. For my wounds Capt. Cook recommended nothing but thin bandages and applications of lint and run. I took his advice and by keeping it almost constantly wet with spirit, and renewing the lint at short intervals, in one week I was able to go to work again.

Upon examining the above narrative, it would appear to be beyond a doubt that the company of sharks around us was caused almost exclusively by the presence of the dead whale. His body was the centre of attraction when we found it, and so continued nearly all the time we were grappled to it. As most or all the sharks but the one mentioned, had disappeared before we left it, the one which still remained appears to have been attracted by a keener appetite, or a latent spirit of instinctive revenge against those who robbed him of his prey, and so roughly handled him besides. Be this as it may, the history of these monsters of the deep is fraught with facts enough to warrant the assertion that they are in all cases more or less dangerous company. I would not have the mariner frightened at every appearance of a shark, but when their attendance is caused on account of being robbed of their prey, or when their company is prolonged on any account or from any cause whatsoever, I would have him be on his guard, and take care not to expose himself to unnecessary danger.

It may seem surprising to some that I should have been precipitated into the sea when apparently so secure, and my companion should have escaped although in a standing position at the same time. It is certainly singular, and I can only account for it, first, by the fact that he was much used by many years' experience to the craft he was in; second, that he was in such a position that he distinctly saw the approach of the shark, and knew precisely the cant which the boat would take when struck; third, and most important of all, the boat was struck not less than ten feet from where he was standing, and the lifting and falling which probably broke my hold even more than the canting, could have had very little effect upon him. The bow of our bark was in this operation the staff of the lever, whilst the stern was the fulcrum.

Thus, Sir, I have ventured to give a particular

and fatiguing narrative of my narrow escape from a horrible death; and upon a review of the subject I cannot but feel that nothing short of a miraculous interposition of Providence could have saved me. It is true there were helping agents in the transaction which facilitated it, but upon examination they will appear of the most subordinate class. I might say my leather trousers saved my life, because, when puffed with wind, the teeth of my adversary could not reach my flesh; but who directed his mammoth jaws to these defended parts of my person? One foot above either place would have taken away my vitals! So also I owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to our captain for his exertions and agency in saving my life, but how feeble would have been his efforts or my own, had not the further progress of the shark been stayed whilst I was swimming for and entering the boat! In conclusion, sir, permit me to subscribe myself affectionately and sincerely,

Yours, &c.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

KILINSKI, THE SHOEMAKER OF WARSAW.

The new constitution of the third of May, 1791, was hailed by the Polish people with delight. A new era had commenced—the citizens were placed on a level with the nobles, and they proved themselves worthy of the trust reposed. Their expectations of public happiness and improvement, however, were crushed in the bud by a perjured king, who had joined the worst enemy of his native country, in a conspiracy against its independence.

The Polish capital, at this time, exhibited a singular spectacle. The second iniquitous division of Poland had been perpetrated, and what remained nominally independent, was little better than a Russian Province. The faithless king, shunning the public eye, had retired with his mistresses into the recesses of his palace. Summoning, for his protection, a body of Russian troops under General Iglesstrom, he dismissed the Polish regiments then in Warsaw, and intrusted the command of the small remnant of troops called the Polish army, to Ozarowski, a pliant and contemptible courtier. Meanwhile the brave General Madalinski had raised the standard of revolt in a province swarming with enemies, and Kosciusko had issued at Cracow, a proclamation, calling upon all Poland to rise against its oppressors. The Russian troops in Warsaw, now found themselves in a situation of imminent peril; being hemmed in by a large and hostile population, and dependent on a treacherous and vacillating king for sanction and support. Conscious that they could only escape destruction by prompt and vigorous measures, they determined to avail themselves of the Empress's orders, which authorized them in case of need, to fire the city, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Before, however, their intention became public, a master shoemaker in Warsaw determined to intercept it by revolt. He lost not an instant, but diffusing his own energy amongst the people, accomplished a general insurrection in Warsaw, two days before the intended plunder and destruction of the city. General Iglesstrom and his Russians were compelled to make a hasty retreat; the constitution of the third of May was re-established, and the honest shoemaker, who had been the head and front of this timely revolt, relinquished his command to another, and declining all distinctions and rewards, contented himself with becoming an active member of the upper council of the regency, appointed at that time. At a later period, when the enraged people demanded the head of their perjured monarch, the shoemaker again interfered, and saved the king's life at the risk of his own. He did more—for he shielded even the king's minions from the fury of the people, and prevailed upon the multitude to patiently await the event of a regular trial before the appointed tribunal. In after times the patriotic and high-minded Kilinski experienced much persecution, and was often taunted with his occupation by the oppressors of Poland. His fellow countrymen, however, revered him for the genuine nobility of his soul, and the patriotic shoemaker, who died about 1816, was lamented throughout Poland.

A memoir of this extraordinary man, drawn up by himself, was circulated by numerous companies in manuscript, but never published, in Warsaw, until lately, having been forbidden by the censor. From the printed work, which is accurately copied after the original manuscript in the hand-writing of Kilinski, we make the following extracts:

"Having been informed against by some spies of the Russian general, I received one morning a peremptory summons to attend him. The bearer was a Russian officer, who told me I should be dragged through the streets by horses if I did not readily follow. I immediately dressed myself, and put a dagger into my boot unobserved. I found the

General Iglesstrom, waiting for me in the hall of audience. 'Thou art Kilinski?' he began. 'Yes, your excellency?' 'Accursed rebel, villain, traitor,' &c., he pursued, until he had exhausted his catalogue of abuse, and at length he told me that he would have me hanged upon the new gallows, before the Capuchin monastery. This torrent of abuse made me so indignant, that I felt strongly disposed to plunge my dagger into the tyrant's breast. Recovering, however, my self-possession, I told him, that I had mistaken his spies for real Polish traitors, and had designedly drawn them to get a knowledge of their intentions, with a determination to apprise him of the conspiracy. I reminded him too that the municipality had received his express orders to visit all places of public resort, and to report all suspicious words or appearances. This explanation pacified him considerably, and when I assured him that all the syndics were well disposed towards Russia, and determined to preserve order, his anger vanished, he brought a bottle of brandy from his closet, and made me drink with him. Growing more cordial with every glass, he put many questions to me about the state of public feeling in Warsaw, which I answered to his satisfaction. At length he inquired if I had many friends in the city. Seeing no danger in a frank reply, I told him that even a rumor of my arrest would soon show him how many friends I had; nor did I hesitate to say, when farther questioned, that, through the workmen who had chosen me as their enyid, I could in a few hours raise thirty thousand men. 'The Russian smiled at this intelligence, but I could see that he was startled, and, indeed, he almost instantly dismissed me, fearing, probably, that my arrest had transpired, and would collect a numerous body of my adherents around his hotel. Thus did I escape from a situation of imminent peril.

"Soon after my return home, I received a visit from the patriotic Abbe Meier, who came to concert with me a rising of the people against the Russian garrison. Without loss of time, we drew up the form of an oath to be taken by all who joined our cause. Then, after an earnest prayer to the Almighty for assistance, we sallied forth. I called upon many citizens and artisans on whose patriotic feelings I could rely, while the Abbe undertook to sound the nobles resident in Warsaw, amongst whom were many brave and high-minded men, and of these, only one refused to join us with heart and hand."

After detailing many instances of oppression and cruelty inflicted by the savage Russians upon the citizens of Warsaw, the narrator thus proceeds:

"Meanwhile the festival of Easter was at hand, and our preparations were far advanced when accident revealed to me a diabolical conspiracy, which was almost ready for explosion.

"I had sometime been acquainted with a brave and warm hearted Russian officer, who seemed to take a pleasure in conversing with me, and occasionally we took a glass of brandy together. On the Tuesday before Easter, he called upon me to buy a pair of shoes, and after some conversation on different matters, he exacted of me a pledge of secrecy, and then earnestly advised me to take my wife and children out of Warsaw without delay, and not to return until a fortnight had elapsed. I entreated further explanation, and heard that the Russians intended to plunder the city, and massacre the people, on the following Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, when most of the inhabitants would be collected in the churches, to celebrate the resurrection of the Saviour. Thunder struck with this intelligence, I plied my Russian friend with brandy; he became more communicative, and informed me that the infamous Bishop Kossakowski was the contriver of this plot, and that the dastard, Ozarowski, commandant of Warsaw, had received instructions from the King to join the Russians as soon as the massacre commenced. He added that preparations for the attack were in rapid progress; that many Russian soldiers out of uniform were already in the city, and that they would be provided with arms from the depot in the suburb of Praga.

"Soon after the Russian officer had quitted me, I hastened to every man upon whom I could rely, and happily there were very many Poles who could trust each other. I apprised them of the approaching peril, and as they were too numerous to be concealed in my own dwelling, I told them to meet me at four o'clock on the following morning at the artillery barracks in the suburb. I knew that the Polish soldiers would join us to a man, but I doubted the superior officers, many of whom were young nobles of cowardly and effeminate habits. I did not hesitate, however, to trust the subalterns, who readily engaged to bring the privates over to us in the hour of need.

"When the conference took place at the barracks, the assembled master tradesmen and subalterns offered to me the command of the Polish troops and people. Doubting much

my capacity to undertake the charge, I hesitated awhile to consent. Pressed, however, by the whole assembly, and recollecting the bright example of the Roman shoemaker, who, without military science, had defeated the enemies of his country, I took heart and accepted the command, trusting that courage, patriotism, and reliance on the aid of Providence, would supply the want of military tactics.

"After having appointed another conference at eleven o'clock the following night; and arranged various preparations, and the better to qualify myself for so great an enterprise, I received after confession, the holy sacrament, from the Abbe Meier, then joined him in fervent supplication to God, to bless our patriotic undertaking.

"At the appointed hour of eleven at night, I went to meet my friends at the barracks, and gave them final instructions to be on the alert all night, and to apprise all their adherents to be in readiness to repair to their posts at the report of the first cannon, after which all the fire-bells in the city were to ring up the entire population. The lancers of the royal guards had arrived that day in Warsaw. They knew nothing of the intended insurrection, but I was enabled by God's mercy to obtain their hearty co-operation in our sacred cause, as will presently appear. Not having a sufficiency of horses for the artillery, I gave orders to my friends to have a hundred and fifty cart-horses in readiness for this purpose. I then concealed six thousand ball cartridges and as many flints in my own cart, and proceeded homeward. On my way I met a body of lancers of the guard taking the nightly round through the city. Knowing the men to be true Poles, and right willing to aid an attack upon the savage and lawless Russians, I got out of my cart, addressed the commanding officer, and begged him to give me a hearing in a tavern close at hand. He consented, and there, although I knew him not, I revealed to him our intention and our resources. He was a true Pole, his eye flashed as he listened, and he swore to assist our great purpose by every means in his power. In short, this brave man promised his best endeavors to bring over the whole regiment, and assured me of his gratitude for the trust I had reposed in his honor and patriotism.

"After my return home I made my will, and placed it under the pillow of my wife who was fast asleep, and had no knowledge of the impending struggle. Two hundred of my adherents, for whom I had room in my house and work shops, now successively arrived, and I provided them with ball cartridges and flints. Folding up the remaining flints and cartridges in two napkins, I carried them to the soldiers of the city guard, who were as yet ignorant of the intended rise. These brave fellows instantly and joyfully promised their assistance, thankfully accepting my offer of ammunition, and promising to defend the entrance into one of the main streets.

"During the night, however, a subaltern of the city-guard, who had been panic struck when he heard that a struggle with our savage oppressors was close at hand, hastened to the President of the city and betrayed all he knew. The president proceeded instantly to the king, who despatched an aid-de-camp to General Iglesstrom, and thus our purpose was revealed to one who lost no time in preparing for resistance and aggression. Happily, however, this intelligence did not reach him until within an hour of the time appointed for the signal gun, and the Asiatic slowness of the Russian soldiery was greatly in favor of the city. While my friends and I were arming for the strife, the report of artillery pealed over the city, and I rushed out, armed with a musket and a short huntman's sword, given to me by the Abbe Meier. A Russian captain was passing at the moment; I levelled and shot him dead. A Co-sack then attacked me with his long pike; I succeeded, however, in parrying his thrust, closed upon him and despatched him also. My wife, roused by the cannon, had from her window seen me kill these men, and immediately ran out into the street. 'Dearest husband,' she exclaimed in breathless terror, 'Why expose your own precious life by killing these Russians? Ah, Kilinski! remember our children!' In vain I besought her to return into the house. 'If you are determined,' she said, 'to die for our country, I will die with you.' Her presence in this scene of peril, and her refusal to leave it were painfully embarrassing. Instead of attacking the common enemy, I had to contend with one who was dearer to me than life, who was the mother of my six children, and again advancing in pregnancy. For a moment my heart failed me, recollecting, however, the urgency of the occasion, I compelled her to retire into the house, locked her up in her bed room, and left her sinking and half dead with apprehensions for my safety."

Here follows a description of the battle which lasted the whole day. The details are very interesting, but they exceed our limits, and are also intelligible only to those well ac-

quainted with the streets of Warsaw. It is enough to state that our noble shoemaker and his followers were every where victorious; that the remnant of the Russian troops were compelled to make a precipitate retreat, and that Iglestrom himself was only saved from capture by a treacherous manoeuvre of King Stanislaus Augustus.

Kilinski led on and directed the attacks of the indignant Poles, with signal intelligence and bravery; and when the strife was done, this Polish Washington, immediately resigned the military command of Warsaw to General Noronowski, who had hastened to join him; then, after re-establishing the popular constitution of the third of May, he resigned the presidency of the city into the hands of Zarzewski.

From the Lowell Journal.

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE.

SIXTH EDITION.

"The sovereignest thing on earth
Is sparrow-catch for an inward bruise."

From a friendly feeling toward the popular authoress of this little book, and actuated withal by some compassion for the public, her gentle readers, we took occasion, on the appearance of the first edition, to bestow on it what then seemed to us to be just praise, and to animadvert somewhat freely, on such portions of it as we considered objectionable. The wish was then expressed that in future editions these portions would be omitted. We have lately taken up the sixth edition, and we fear that the good lady is incorrigible. She has absolutely made "confusion worse confounded." To her supremacy in the *Kitchen* we bow with the most humble submission but we protest against her style of stuffing the family saddle-bags.

There is an evident imperfection in the title of the book. It should have run thus—"THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE, and General System of Domestic Medicine, by Mrs. CHILD, M. D." In regard to the M. D. she might very safely have anticipated, for we have not the slightest particle of doubt, that some one of our medical schools would have felt proud in conferring upon her this honorary distinction. Less supine disciples of physic than herself have been so honored. As to analysing her preposterous farrao of "simple remedies" and pointing out all their absurdities, we would almost as soon make ourselves the subject of their operations. Towards those who may be visited with such affliction, we have some compassionate yearnings, and herein lies the motive of this communication. Our petticoat practitioner delivers her prescriptions for the cure of dysentery and lock-jaw with the same reckless confidence, as she does for the lesser evils of wasp-stings and pin-scratches. Let us run through her catalogue of remedies for dysentery, one of the most inflammatory and dangerous of diseases.

First, we have "four boiled thoroughly in milk so as to make quite a thick porridge."

Second, "a table-spoonful of W. I. rum, a table-spoonful of sugar-baker's molasses and the same quantity of sweet oil well simmered together."

Third, "Black or green tea, steeped in boiling milk, seasoned with nutmeg and best of loaf sugar."

Fourth, "Cork burnt to charcoal, about as big as a hazel-nut, and put in a tea-spoonful of brandy, with a little loaf sugar and nutmeg."

Fifth, "Dissolve as much table salt in keen vinegar as will ferment and work clear."

Sixth, "Blackberries."

Seventh, "English mallows steeped in milk."

Which of the above remedies is considered the best we are not able to learn. The first is called "good;"—the second, "likewise good;"—the third "is excellent;"—the fourth and fifth are "very efficacious" while the sixth is "extremely useful!" The Doctress does not inform us in what order the medicines are to be given. It seems reasonable to suppose, however, that they are to be tried, one after another according to the above numerical arrangement, and in case they should all fail, as they probably would, of curing if not of killing the patient, we see no other course but to make a bold push and administer a dose of the whole, consisting of flour, milk, rum, sugar-baker's molasses, common molasses, sweet oil, black and green tea, nutmeg, loaf-sugar, cork charcoal, brandy, table-salt, keen vinegar, black-berries, and English mallows!

For lock-jaw, either as cures or preventives, we have lye, pearl-ash and water, a rind of pork, spirits of turpentine, and strong soft soap mixed with chalk.

But the climax of absurdity is reached in the treatment of simple or fresh wounds. First, for a slight cut we are directed to bind on some fine salt; "molasses is likewise good." After this come balm of Gilead buds steeped in N. E. rum, which in the words of the fair writer, make "the best cure in the world for fresh cut or wounds." We are also told that plantain leaves, diluted laudanum, and green

wormwood are capital applications in similar cases. On this subject of the treatment of simple cuts we wish to speak seriously. To be cut and bruised and battered is bad enough, but to undergo the additional and useless torture of salt, and spirits of turpentine, and a thousand other equally irritating and barbarous applications is a little too bad. Mrs. Child may plead ignorance of these matters, but when correct information is so easily obtained she is inexcusable for thus giving currency and sanction to such monstrous absurdities. If she does not believe what we say, let her cut a finger on each hand, and dress one of the wounds with some of her healing salves and the other without them, and then see which is quickest and easiest well. Let her ask any intelligent physician in the *Literary Emporium* if she has uttered anything on this matter which is aught else than foolishness, and if she is not indirectly adding to the sufferings of those whom she wishes to benefit, and if he say no, we will give it up and throw physic to the dogs.—Will Mrs. Child believe us when we say that to a clean cut wound made into healthy flesh, no medicinal substance whatever should be applied. Perhaps she will not, but this principle has been adopted among English and American surgeons for nearly half a century. Let her listen to Professor Smith of Baltimore. He says "after some thousands of years' experience had elapsed, after almost every substance which the three kingdoms of nature can furnish had been tested, and balsams, vulneraries, styptics, &c. without number had tortured the wounds of sufferers for ages, it was at length discovered that there is no such thing as a healing virtue in any remedy—that the healing of a wound is not the result of any application, that it is, in short nothing but the work of nature."

When a part wounded has been previously in perfect soundness—when the general health of the sufferer has also been perfect, and no untoward circumstance defeats her admirable work, nature scorns assistance from our hands. And yet I very well know that with many I shall contend unsuccessfully against an ancient prejudice. "What!" say they, "nothing in nature that is healing? no such thing as a balsam? no balm in Gilead! Have I not cured wounds on my own person a hundred times with balsam apple, or burnt sugar, or rum and red-pepper and other soothing remedies?"

The belief in the healing virtues of certain plants and other simples is so wrought into our language that it is impressed upon the mind with the first lessons of childhood. The phrases "healing balsam," "soothing balm" are uttered in prose and sung in verse. We shall spoil, it is true, a thousand beautiful metaphors by establishing the truth, but "it is better that we should mar the works of man than those of God."

We cannot but regret that the Author of *Hobomok* had not enriched her book with a few simple and intelligible medical precepts, like the above. As it is, her heterogeneous jumble of nonsense is inflicting far more injury on those who read and believe her, than all the cuts and bruises for which the remedies will be applied.

Mrs. C. says that nothing is so good to take down swellings as a soft poultice of *stewed white beans*. What particular class of swellings is here meant, we are not informed. It is not easy to suppose that stewed white beans will take down all swellings, from whatsoever cause they may originate.

If the author persists in deforming the future editions of her book, as she has those already printed, the most merciful punishment we can wish her is that she may become the subject—not of the ills and accidents which she details, for this would be leniency itself—but of their remedies.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

A KICKAPOO SERMON.

The following discourse of KA-NE-KUCK, an Indian chief of the Kickapoo tribe of Indians, was delivered at Danville, Illinois, July 17, 1831. The citizens of the town and its vicinity had assembled at a Baptist meeting, and this Indian, who with a part of his tribe was encamped in the neighborhood, and in the habit of preaching to his tribe, was informed that the white people wished to hear his discourse. He requested G. S. Hubbard, Esq., who understands the language, to interpret for him. The congregation went to the Indian encampment early in the day, and before preaching commenced in town. The chief caused mats to be spread upon the ground for his white audience to sit upon. His Indian brethren were also seated near him; he then commenced and addressed the assembly for almost an hour. Mr. Hubbard repeated with great distinctness and perspicuity, each sentence, as spoken by the chief, and which was accurately written down at the time by Solomon Banta, Esq. It is proper to remark, that Ka-ne-kuck was at one time given to intemperance. About four years since he reformed

and is now esteemed a correct, pious, and excellent man. He has acquired an astonishing influence over his red brethren, and has induced all of his particular tribe, supposed to be near two hundred, and about one hundred Potawatamies, who have been inveterate drunkards, to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits. It is further proper to remark, that Ka-ne-kuck is called a prophet among the Indians, but is not the *old prophet*, brother to Tecumseh, who is known to be not less odious among the Indians than among the whites, nor is he related to him. Ka-ne-kuck appears to be about forty years of age, is over the ordinary size; and although an untutored savage, has much in his manner and personal appearance to make him interesting. He is much attached to the whites, and has had his son at school with a view to give him an education. The speech now presented for publication derives much of its interest from the fact that it is the discourse of an uneducated man of the forest, who is believed to have done more in his sphere of action in the cause of temperance, than any one man has effected, armed with all the power which is conferred by learning and talent. The fact of the influence attributed to Ka-ne-kuck upon this subject, is fully attested by gentlemen who are intimately acquainted with these Indians, and have known them for many years, and is therefore entitled to the fullest confidence. The following is the discourse of Ka-ne-kuck:

"My friends, where are your thoughts today? Where were they yesterday? Were they fixed upon doing good? or were you drunk, tattling, or did anger rest in your hearts? If you have done any of these things, your great Father in Heaven knows it, his eye is upon you, he always sees you, and will always see you; he knows all your deeds, he has knowledge of the smallest transaction of your lives; would you not be ashamed if your friends knew all your bad thoughts and actions, and are you not ashamed that your great Father knows them, and that he marks them nicely? You would be ashamed of appearing here today with bloated faces and swelled eyes, occasioned by drunkenness. You will one day have to go down into the earth; what will you do then, if you have not followed your great Father's advice, and kept his commands? He has given us a small path; it is hard to be followed; he tells you it leads to happiness. Some of you are discouraged from following this path, because it is difficult to find. You take the broad road that leads to misery. But you ought not to be discouraged; mind the book he has given for your instruction, attend to its commands, and obey them, and each step you take in this narrow path will be easier; the way will become smoother, and at the end great will be the reward."

The broad road some of you choose, is full of wide and deep pits; those who follow it are liable to fall into those pits—they are filled with fire for the punishment of all wicked and ill men; all professed drunkards, tattlers, liars, and meddling bodies are in the broad way; they never can be received into good places, their deeds are dark, they never see light. Parents who do not teach their children the difference between good and evil, are in the bad road. Your great Father once came into this world; he came but once, and staid but a short time; that is the reason the good path is so narrow. The bad spirit is with you always, he is abroad upon the face of the earth, and travelling in all places; that is the reason why the way that leads to misery is so broad. The great Father gave you a good book filled with commands; if you follow the commands you will go into a good place, and be happy forever; but if you do not keep them, you will go into a place prepared for the wicked, and suffer endless days and nights of grief. Some of you think you can indulge in drink once, and then you resolve to follow the good commands; but are you sure if you indulge once, you can refrain for the time to come. Your great Father sees all that you do; is it not almost certain that you will always be repenting bad deeds! You are all sinners; you can not be too much on your guard, lest you tread out of the right way into the broad road. His eye notices the smallest thing, and if you wish to be good, your thoughts must be on your great Father always; he takes pleasure when he sees your thoughts are placed on him. If you would all be good you would all travel one road, and there would be but one road, and your great Father would be with you always. But this cannot be; every one knows when he is doing good, and if he is always conscious of doing good, he will be received by the great Father; therefore guard with care every step you take in your life. One step a day in the narrow path, is better than fifteen steps a day in the road to ruin. The door of Heaven is always open, and the great Father is glad to receive his children; those who go there will have happiness without end—they will see their great Father, and live with him, and never be without him. If young folks would but hold as fast to the good book, as old and crippled people do to their canes which

support them, there would be no danger of disobeying his commands. Every day you obey him, the better it is for you, and the easier it is for you to follow the good path—you must always notice well where you step, for fear you may be tempted out of the right path.

When you see assemblies of amusement, you ought to reflect that to enter those may lead you to do things contrary to your great Father's will. He has said he will help all those who keep his commands; therefore, you must always notice your hearts; the heart is the fountain from which good or evil thoughts flow. You are mere forms incapable of knowledge, but the great Father has so made you that you may get a knowledge within yourselves, and if you are good you will always see him; if you place your thoughts upon him, he will never desert you; but they who do not place their thoughts upon him will be deserted—they travel the broad road and fall into the pit; there their lot is fixed—they cannot touch, nor see good—they will be in endless darkness—they never can see their friends, their father, their mother, brothers, or sisters; their friends will always be grieving for them—they go where none but fools go, such as drunkards, liars, tattlers, and those who treat old people ill; they never can taste good, nothing can mitigate their sorrow and the torment they suffer. What will become of those wicked men who slight the commands of their great Father? He gave them a book containing instructions to enlighten them. Who made that book? The great Father made it for their good—long ago he made it, that their and our hearts might be strong and that by reading it you might see him, that you might not lose yourselves; a long time ago he gave this to instruct his children, and can there yet be such fools as will not receive instruction from so good a Father? The great Father, by his Son, once came on earth, many people saw him; he came in the form of a man; and staid a short time on the earth with his children.—He is to come once more, when the wicked will not be noticed by him—a great many hundreds will be lost: then we will see who has obeyed his book and kept his commands. If your hearts are fixed on your great Father, he will be pleased; but if they are not, where will you be going? No supplication will then avail—you will have no opportunity to kneel to him—the time is past, he will not allow it: your friends cannot intercede—fear will overwhelm you—you will wish to make new resolutions to obey him, but you cannot, you will go to the burning pits.—Your great Father has implanted in your hearts a knowledge of good and evil, and shown you how to obey him; if you do not, the time will come when you will see yourselves as you are—you will be lost in darkness—all your former wickedness will prey upon you.

Friends, you all see my brothers, (pointing to his Indian brethren,) they do not drink strong liquors as they once did; they do not shake their fists at you and abuse you; they do not quarrel with each other.

Their thoughts are upon their great Father; they are not liars and tattlers, fond of ridiculing old folks and children, as they used to be; their conduct toward their children is different. For a long time they have refrained from the bad practices of stealing and drunkenness; their great Father will receive them into his own place where they will be happy; there they will never hunger nor thirst; there they will see their children around them; their great Father loves their hearts, for they are strong. Why, then, should they not love him? He tells them he loves them; he has given them an opportunity to know him; the great Father has instilled into them a knowledge of good and evil by his works; he has not instructed them by books. He loves his children both red and white. I have done."

With a trifling Present.

Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small;
Then, loving heart, take hearty love
To make amends for all;
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply my want;
For letting heart, not hearty will,
Not is, nor shall be scant.

The man who has sense and consults others is only half a man; he who has no sense and takes no counsel is not a man.

The diver for pearls plunges into the depths of the sea; and the man who aspires to glory passes his nights in vigils.

Long discourses lead to ennui and sleep even in the wisest and most patient.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of being burnt if you get too near the fire.

Ponder and you will comprehend.

Hope comes after despair, as day-break follows the night.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1831.

ALMANAC OF FORTUNE.

There is a disposition very prevalent among the human species to look into their future destiny; to endeavor to ascertain beforehand what is to be their condition—whether rich or poor—fortunate or unfortunate—happy or miserable. That they may learn all these things without going to a fortune-teller—and thus save both time and money—we have, with great care, study and observation, concocted for their use the following infallible rules. All that is necessary to the correct understanding of them is for the reader just to recollect the month in which he was born. They are arranged after the plan of the *French Almanac*, now widely circulating in the newspapers; but, in point of perfect accuracy, will be found very far to excel that foreign production—especially when applied to the latitude and longitude of this our first rate, true republican and ever-beloved country.

N. B. To be especially read when the Moon is in Perigee, and near the full. But will answer, upon a pinch, for any other time.

JANUARY. He that is born in January and lives to be a hundred years old, will see many a cold day, and meet with many a heart equally as cold. His nose, unless well protected with fur or some other warm commodity, will become as blue as a red potatoe every time he ventures to face a north-easter, when the mercury is below zero; and both his ears and his feet will stand a tolerable chance to be frozen on the same occasion. In love matters, it will in all probability go hard with him, should he chance to woo an icicle and many a mustard pot. Should he happen to fail in money matters, he will, ten to one, be as poor as Job's turkies; and finally, whether rich or poor, he will die for want of breath.

FEBRUARY. Those who are born in February will, for the most part, never know which side their bread is buttered—not because they will be stone-blind or devoid of taste—but because the butter will be spread so thin. Many of them will fail in their own speculations; and more still will speculate upon other people's failings. Those who have one Quaker foot, will never make good dancers; and those who have two, in all likelihood, will not dance at all. And every son and daughter of them—unless they get married or die in season—will be old bachelors and old maids. Do not be born in this month, if you can help it.

MARCH. Those who enter the world in March, will seldom meet with too much either of love, friendship, or compassion. They will many a time fall down and bump their heads in infancy; will frequently beg in vain for coppers, gingerbread, and playthings in childhood; will have more conceit, than either knowledge or good sense, in youth; and have cause to complain, in a greater or less degree of the many hard rubs they will meet with during the rest of their lives. They will every winter be liable to colds and coughs; and, if they do not die of some other disease, will be very likely to go off by a pleurisy or consumption.

APRIL. Those who are born in April, will presently begin to cry; and, should they live and grow up, will shed a great many tears before their life is finished. The females, when they have the hysterics, will laugh and cry in the same breath; and the males will generally have cause enough to weep without an onion. Many of the women will have elegant heads of hair, if they do not spoil it with combs and curling-irons; and many of the men will be in the habit of getting shaved. Most of the women will get married, if they can; and the grey mare will frequently be the better horse. As for the men, they will some of them be rich, and the rest from poor to middling.

MAY. Those who are born in May, if they have light hair, will very often have blue eyes, and fair complexions. Many of the males will be nearly six feet high; and many of the females will possess a beautiful shape, if they do not spoil it by dress. Both male and female will be much inclined to fall in love, especially between the ages of sixteen and twenty five; and should they make prudent matches, enjoy good health, possess a good temper, have obedient children and plenty of money, they will be apt to lead a very comfortable life.

JUNE. Those who are born in June, and escape disease, will be as blooming as the rose, and will scarcely know what pain is. They will for the most part be ardent lovers—the men of good

eating, and the women of fine clothes. The men will generally be as happy as circumstances will allow; and will contrive, by hook or by crook, to live out all their days. The women will be exceedingly pleasant, when they are in a good humor; and, with very few exceptions, will live as long as they can. They will, a majority of them, get married, and leave plenty of heirs. Some of them will leave estates, and some will not; and where there is nothing left to quarrel about, there will be the less litigation.

JULY. This is usually a hot month to be born in; and many of the July-flowers will fall before they arrive to maturity. A great many of the men will be fools; and a great many of the women, coquettes. Those who are married, unless they should happen to agree, will be apt to quarrel like cats and dogs; and those who live and die single, will never know what it is to be married. The men, when they are provoked, will very often fly in a passion; and the women, under similar circumstances, will sometimes pout so as to spoil their beauty; and neither males nor females will enjoy a moment's happiness until they get fairly over their anger.

AUGUST. Very few persons would be born in August if they could help it; and of those who are born, very few are either wiser, healthier, or happier than they should be. They are generally subject to sad disappointments, and hardly ever attain to the full height of their wishes. Those who lay plans to get immensely rich, will mostly fail in their schemes; and those who marry for love, will be very apt to wish they had married for money—and vice versa. The sons, unless they have a particular regard for truth, will many of them be liars; and the daughters, not a few of them, will be notorious chatterboxes. Many of both sexes will die of cholera morbus, fever or some other complaint; and not one in a dozen will live to be a hundred years old.

SEPTEMBER. This is a very clever month to be born in, for those that live and do well. The men with good luck and good management, will get as rich as Cæsar; and the women, let them have their own way, will generally marry agreeable to their wishes. The men will be the most obliging of husbands, when it suits their interest and inclinations; and the women will be the kindest creatures in the world, when it comports with their humor. A number, both male and female, will live to a good old age; a large portion of them will die in their beds; and their rest will rarely, if ever, be disturbed by the janglings of their heirs.

OCTOBER. Those who are born in October will be endowed with a great variety of passions, feelings and appetites. Their persons will also be various: some will be tall and some short; some thin and some thick; some will be brown and some fair; some will be sweet and some sour; and the rest will be just as it happens. As to their fortunes in life, they will differ no less than their minds and their persons: some will get exceedingly rich, and some remain exceedingly poor; and none of them will carry a cent out of the world with them.

NOVEMBER. Many of those who are born in November, if there be any truth in signs, will have occasion to laugh out of the wrong side of their mouths. Their heads will often be where their feet should be, and vice versa. Those of them who have the hyps, will be gloomy and desponding; and those who get tired of life, will hang and drown themselves, if they can muster courage. A great part of those who dislike matrimony, will never get married; and several of those who wish to get married, will live and die single.

DECEMBER. Those who come into the world in December, will be born at the tail end of the year. In many of their designs and speculations they will utterly fail; and in others they will be a day after the fair. Those who build castles in the aerial regions, will find them vanish away; and those who contemplate them on the solid earth, will seldom have the pleasure of seeing them arise. Politicians will be selfish; coquettes will be foolish; cross wives will be unhappy; jealous husbands will be ridiculous; and noisy hypocrites will miss the way to heaven.

GHOST OF WANSLEY. One of our police Justices was very much startled the other day at the approach of a colored man, precisely resembling one of the pirates lately dissected at the Medical College in Barclay Street. "Are you not Wansley?" said he. "No, Squire," replied the black fellow, "I aint Wansley, nor never was—and the last man wat axed me the sassy question, I knocked him down."

ANECDOTES OF POLAND.

We have collected from Fletcher's History of Poland, lately published in Harper's Family Library, a few interesting anecdotes, chiefly of men who distinguished themselves in the more early times of that unfortunate country.

Among the most excellent princes that ever governed Poland, were two of the name of Casimir—the first distinguished by the appellation of the *Just*—the second, by that of the *Great*.

Casimir the Just reigned in the latter part of the 12th century. "He was indeed," says the historian, "the father of his subjects: he viewed the oppression of the nobles over the serfs with an eye of sorrow; and though it was not in his power to change the constitution of Polish society by emancipating them and making them perfectly independent, what he could do he did, in protecting them by strict laws from wanton cruelty."

He was not only just, however, but he was mild and benevolent—as the following anecdote may prove:—"He was one day at play, and won all the money of one of his nobility, who incensed at his ill fortune, suddenly struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of his uncontrolled passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued and overtaken, was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir determined otherwise, 'I am not surprised,' said he, 'at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favorite in me.' After these generous words he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by example a pernicious practice that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people."

Casimir the Great came to the throne in the year 1333, and died in 1370. He was a prince of warlike talents, and added considerably to his hereditary domains by conquest. But he had a better claim to the gratitude of his subjects. Before his time there was no code of statutes: precedent, opinion and passion were the overbearing assessors on the tribunal of justice. There was indeed a confused mass of laws, but Casimir, the Polish Justinian, was the first who caused them to be reduced to a consistent form. He appointed regular courts in each palatinate, with fixed fees for the judges. Nor did he content himself with making statutes for his people, but guarded the welfare of all ranks with the most jealous care, and was amply rewarded by their love and respect.

But among the greatest of the Polish princes, and the one in whose reign his country seems to have attained its highest glory, was Sigismund Augustus. He reigned in the 16th century, and was cotemporary with Charles V. and Francis I. "He had no sooner ascended the throne, than factions were formed against him, because he had married without the consent and concurrence of the diet. The object of this choice was Barba Radziwill, widow of a Lithuanian noble of no great consequence. This marriage had been contracted secretly before his father's death, but he publicly acknowledged it on coming to the crown. Firm in his affection and faithful to his vows, he would not break his domestic ties, although his constancy might cost him a kingdom. The contest did not, however, come to this crisis; for the king dexterously turned the attention of the nobles to their own interests, and heard no more objections to his marriage. But Sigismund did not long enjoy the domestic happiness which he so well deserved, for in the course of six months, death made him a widower.

During this reign Copernicus, the great precursor of Newton flourished. He was born in 1473 at Thorn, and educated at the university of Cracow. About this period also, Adam Zaluski, the Polish Linnæus, published a work on botany, entitled *Methodus Herbaria*, in which he exhibits his sexual arrangement of plants. But, what is very remarkable, "There were," says the historian, "perhaps more printing presses at this time in Poland than there have ever been since, or than there were in any other country of Europe at that time. There were eighty three towns where they printed books; and in Cracow alone there were fifty presses. The chief circumstance which supported so many printing houses in Poland at this time was the liberty of the press; which allowed the publication of writings of all the contending sects, which were not permitted to be printed elsewhere.

"Nor were the poles less advanced in that most enlightened feeling of civilization, religious toleration. When almost all the rest of Europe was deluged with the blood of contending sectaries; while the Lutherans were perishing in Germany; while the blood of above a hundred thou-

sand Protestants, the victims of the war of persecution, and the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, was crying from the ground of France against the infamous Triumvirate and the hypocritical Catherine de Medicis; while Mary made England a fiery ordeal of persecution, and even the heart of the 'virgin queen' was not cleansed of the foul stuff of bigotry, but dictated the burnings of the Arians; Poland opened an asylum for the persecuted of all religions, and allowed every man to worship God in his own way.

With Sigismund ended the dynasty of Jagellon, and the prosperity of Poland. "His funeral bell," says the historian, "was the tocsin of anarchy," being without a male heir, the monarchy afterwards became elective; and neighboring princes contended for the prize of the crown, until it was ultimately broken in pieces, and a final division took place near the close of the last century.

UNGALLANT REVOLUTIONARY EXPLOIT.

MR. EDITOR,—Many a gallant exploit of Revolutionary times has been recorded and published; and I would that I could place the following among the number. But truth is mighty, and compels me to prefix an *un* to the word gallant.

Rhode Island has always abounded in handsome women; but between you and me, Mr. Editor, I think they were much prettier in my days than at present. This however may be merely the effect of age, as my days of gallantry have nearly past, being now in my seventy fourth year. But to my story.

I belonged to a corps who, in the summer 177—were stationed in Rhode Island. In the neighborhood of our camp was a fine patch of watermelons; and the habitations around supplied abundance of pretty girls. Some half a dozen young soldiers, among whom I grieve to write myself one, persuaded as many girls to go with them one moonlight evening, to plunder the watermelon patch. We entered it without alarming the owner, and had succeeded in filling the large checked aprons of the girls full of the fine ripe fruit; when just at this glorious epoch, we were set upon by the owner and several stout fellows who were probably watching for the purpose. We ran—we scaled the walls, like sheep tumbling over one another, and made our mortal escape. I blush while I relate it. I have never thought of the subject without blushing; and when incidentally mentioned by my acquaintance, I could never hold up my head and look straight forward from beneath the angle of my cocked hat, as a brave man and a soldier ought to.

But it is necessary that I should return to the poor girls, whom we left with their aprons full of watermelons. The owner and his men, finding they could not overtake us, contented themselves with making prisoners of the girls. These nymphs were in general sufficiently nimble footed, as I had more than once had occasion to learn. But being taken unawares, they were like frightened partridges, which the more they are scared the less they are able to fly—and do nothing but stretch up their necks in wild amazement.

Some of the girls screamed, and held fast to their load of watermelons; others screamed and let go the corners of their aprons, so that the watermelons rolled at their feet; while others screamed and attempted flight, but being entangled in the vines were easily caught. The dress of those times by reason of its length was unfortunately not so well calculated for running as at the present day.

"Pick 'em up, girls," said the owner to those that threw down their cargoes—"pick 'em up and fetch 'em into the house." This the girls were loath to do; but no excuse would avail. They were compelled to obey, and the melons being measured were found collectively to amount to about three bushels. "There, take 'em, girls," said the old man—"take 'em home with ye."

"We'd rather not, I thank you," said the girls, modestly curtsying.

"But you must," said the old man, "there's no excuse—so hold the corners of your aprons while I load them in." The old fellow set to work, filled their aprons, and sent them away.

As for us runaway loons, we lurked in the neighborhood whither we knew the girls must pass, and in due time had the pleasure of receiving them, with "all their blushing honors thick upon them," and as many watermelons as they could carry. But as soon as they beheld us, they showed a proper resentment at our unmanly behaviour, by throwing down their watermelons at our feet, and exclaiming—"There! take 'em, you cowardly, good-for-nothing fellows! to run away and leave us poor girls in the lurch—you're pretty soldiers, aint you?" the case was against us, and it required all our elo-

quence to appease the resentment of the fair creatures; whom, however, we at length persuaded that our running away was the only judicious procedure—that it was our heads only that the owner wished to break—and that by running away, we had not only saved our sconces, but had got the watermelons into the bargain, which we would presently slice up for the good of the company. In fine, we had jolly time of it; the lips of the girls were sweeter than the watermelons; but we could never fairly get them to own, that our running away, though it might have been an act of expediency, was either manly or soldierlike; and it was not until we had severally made our mark on the "regulars," in the ensuing campaigns, where some of my companions gloriously fell, that we were received into entire favor.

A SEVENTY-SIXER.

LAW AND PHYSIC GOING BY WATER. We learn from the U. S. Gazette, that a lawyer and a physician one day last week, twice swam the Delaware without stopping to rest. This exploit we think cannot fail of procuring them professional patronage—as it affords strong presumptive evidence that they are not *heavy fellows*.

ACCIDENTS BY STEAM EXPLOSION. The last number of Silliman's Journal gives a list of the persons killed and wounded by the bursting of steamboat boilers in the United States. They amount to 254 killed, and 104 wounded. Of the killed, 73 were by high pressure engines; 96 by low; and 85 uncertain. Of the wounded, 14 were by high pressure engines; 29 by low; and 61 uncertain.

INSURRECTION OF BLACKS IN VIRGINIA. Early last week an insurrection took place among the blacks in Southampton County, Virginia, resulted in the massacre of sixty or seventy white persons, of both sexes and all ages.

TULERIES. A novel by this title has just been published by Messrs. J. & J. Harper. It is by the author of "Hungarian Tales," "Romances of Real Life," &c. &c.

DESCRIPTIVE SELECTIONS.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

IMPOSITIONS.

The world is composed of deceivers,
And plain honest people their tools,
Impostors and simple believers,
Half knaves and the other half fools.

Doctor Solomon's sweet panacea
(A bottle of balm) may be got,
Including advice, if you'll pay a
"Small compliment" called a proud note.

When health's to be sold in a phial,
We cannot well choose but to buy;
But, in spite of our faith, upon trial
'Tis found to be all in my eye.

His practice a London leech plying,
Cures ailments by rubbing the back;
But his patients, when fairly a dying,
Begin to suspect he's a quack.

When you find your apparel is wearing,
How cheaply you may be a beau,
At the warehouse in Prince's street, bearing
The large sign of P—g and Co.

But should you (believing their praises)
But ready-made cloths that look well,
Oh! like Peter Pindar's blunt razors,
You'll find they were made but to sell.

But of all impositions a-going,
The greatest, and worst to escape,
Is the one that prevents us from knowing
A woman's own natural shape.

Young ladies oft wed for a carriage,
But the bargain is not half so bad
As the youth who is gull'd into marriage,
By losing his heart to a pad.

Entangled in love's silken meshes,
With the maid that hath caught him, made one,
He fancies she flesh of his flesh is,
He finds she's but bone of his bone.

Pensive poets of shapes love the slender,
I own I'm not partial to such,
But my heart grows exceedingly tender
Whenever I gaze on the Dutch.

Lean ladies, they are my provokers,
So lank and so stiff you would say,
That their drink was decoction of pokers,
Instead of good London bohea.

But I think we are most of us doaters
On the girl, whether little or big,
Who sports upon small pretty trotters,
A figure as plump as a pig.

NEW-ENGLAND.

There are among us—well meaning persons, no doubt,—who are perpetually lamenting the departed glory of New-England. They stand among us like the relics of another age—beings who seem to have mistaken their generation—who have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear anything favorable to the character and condition of the age upon which they have blundered. Their sympathies are wholly with the olden time. They talk of the Puritan fathers of New-England, as the only models of human excellence—of their laws, as the *ultima thule* of human wisdom—of their religion, as peculiarly holy and acceptable in the sight of Heaven.—They denounce with bitterness every innovation upon the usages of the past—they mourn over present evils, and prophecy that evil will be our children's only legacy.

In the character of the early settlers of New-England there is indeed much to admire—much upon which the present age looks back with proud satisfaction. Yet the Puritans were men—frail, erring men—and while in some instances they rose far above the darkness of their age—standing out in bold and beautiful relief from their prejudiced generation—they manifested also a religious domination—an ostentation of holiness—a pride of opinion which could brook no questioning—a bigotry, which reason restrained not—a superstition, which the light of truth and experience could not break in upon. We would not tarnish the memories of the men of Plymouth. But why make gods of men? Why set up idols and worship them with a blind and uninquiring devotion? Why forbid the light of sober investigation to fall upon them? Even the Idolator of Babylon, submitted his idol—the Image of Bel and the Dragon which he worshiped, to the scrutiny of Daniel.

Two hundred years have elapsed, and the better spirit of the Pilgrims yet lingers with us—while the darker has departed forever.—Firmness—stern morality and the pride of liberty remain,—bigotry—intolerance and superstition are only remembered things. In nothing which once made her glorious has New-England depreciated. Her sons are still as proud—as enterprising and as patriotic,—and while other portions of the country have taken to themselves the vices and crimes of the old world—her morality, "has grown and strengthened with her strength."

It is a fact which every day's experience corroborates, that the moral character of New-England is as pure at this moment as at any former period of her history. Examine the records of the early churches of New-England—look at the accounts of public and private iniquity which the old historians of the Puritans have recorded—and we shall thank God for the favorable contrast which the present exhibits to the past.

New England is advancing in dignity and virtue. She is throwing off one after another, the fetters which bound her to the altars of superstition and mental error. She has learned that freedom of opinion is the noblest privilege of man.—Her religion is no longer guarded by the arm of temporal power. The sword of the magistrate is no longer drawn to enforce the decrees of the priesthood. The scaffold upon which human victims were immolated by the Puritans of New-England, has long since fallen, like the bloody shrines of the Incas—and throughout all her borders

—"The consciousness of men
Are free as is the breeze of Heaven—
And none may dictate *how or when*
The worship of the heart is given."

And what has she lost by this change? Nothing, save superstition and error. The spires of her churches flash up in the green shadows of every valley—and point beautifully upward from her thousand hills. The song of thanksgiving, and the prayer of the worshipper rise solemnly from her thronged cities and her pastoral hamlets.—Charity, like a messenger of Heaven is moving abroad among her habitations—shedding light and hope where darkness and despair had brooded—making the waste places of human existence glad;—and the wilderness of human suffering to blossom as the rose. *Harvard Weekly Review.*

Tol Lol Penny. Towards midnight, as the company began to drop off, I found myself seated almost alone in my corner, where I was in a manner fastened on by a rough-spun kind of character, in a rather shabby coat, with a purser's button, whose peculiar mode of speech had rendered him an object of my particular observation during the last hour. He knew every body, and every body seemed to know him. He had acquired the habit of adding 'Tol lol' to almost every sentence; but it was not so much the absurd words themselves that excited attention, as the very impressed and varied tone in which he uttered them, which gave them so much force. He

had a Tol lol of glee, another of surprise, another of sorrow; but his Tol lol of anger was really terrific. This man's name was Penny, a purser in the navy, known at every port in England by the cognomen of "Tol lol Penny." This curious character took post directly opposite to me, in the box in which I was taking my negus and a bit of bread and cheese; and without further introduction than having been in the same room together for nearly two hours, entered into familiar conversation with me, commencing with—"No intrusion, I hope, Tol lol?" "None in the least, Sir, I regret that I have nothing before me to offer you to partake of; but if you will allow me to—" "No! no! my young gentleman," interrupted the purser, "swig your own tittle; and poor stuff it is, I guess, Tol lol! Let every man crack nuts out of his own bag. Here, waiter, bring me a glass of grog; and d'ye hear, let it be double shot, Tol lol." On the arrival of his grog, "My service to you, Sir," said he, and gulped down half the mug at a draught. I returned the compliment by drinking his good health in my bottom of negus, and called for another for the honour of the cloth. On asking him to cut a crust of bread and cheese—"What! cheese?" said he; "cheese to a purser! Why you might as well offer physic to a doctor!—Tol lol! But dam! me! with submission, I will have someat with you in the grubbing way too, for I like the cut of your mug, though it is a little coxcomical or so. Don't be angry!—Tol lol!—And then your handkerchief, bleached as white as the royal of a homeward bound Indianman, swells like Sidney Yorke's of a frosty morning. * * * Waiter! walk a kidney three times before the fire, and bring it me with a shallot as hot as the first broadside; and, d'ye hear, put a bit of butter not bigger than a bee's knee on the bilge of it; mind that!—Tol lol! Your general, young 'un, is an out-and-out good 'un, they say; but dam! he has been hardly hit. That's his look out—Tol lol!" "How?" said I, (with my curiosity strongly excited,) "I know nothing of his affairs!" "Bam!" said the purser, with an incredulous smile. "Tell that to the marines! Tol lol!" "Upon my honour, Sir, I replied, "I really know nothing whatever of my general's affairs, nor ever saw him before this morning. His character as a brave officer is sufficiently established; and of that alone I can speak." "Well, then, I can tell you," (eagerly interrupted the purser,) "that a finer or more generous-hearted fellow never breathed. But he has a wife—worse luck for him!—Tol lol!" "And what of her?" I anxiously inquired. "Oh! nothing uncommon now-a-days! only that they were not of the same—" "Kidney, Sir!" said the waiter, as he laid the smoking relish before the purser, three revolutions of whose jaws served to demolish it. *The Staff Officer.*

Mode of Thrashing in Spain. Their mode of thrashing is perfectly primitive. Several pieces of ground in the neighborhood of the town, are allotted for this purpose, to which all the produce of the adjacent country is brought. A thick board, six feet in length, and four in width, is perforated with holes, in which are placed large flat stones, projecting about half an inch. On the front of this board a man takes his place, on a seat provided for that purpose, and a number of oxen or mules are fastened to it with cords. The corn in the straw is then strown on the ground, in a circle formed with stones, and this extraordinary implement of husbandry is then dragged over it, a man standing in the centre of the circle assisting the driver to flog the beasts to their utmost speed. A drove of loose cattle are also driven over it, so that the sharp flint and the hoofs of the mules and oxen do the work of thrashing very completely. The straw is, by these means, torn into small particles, which is packed in nets and sent to Madrid as provender for horses and mules. Their method of winnowing is by throwing the undressed corn against the wind, which separates it from the chaff. I was told of an American, who, taking compassion on the unenlightened natives, and seeing the prospect of a good profit, introduced one of our thrashing machines, and undertook to thrash the farmers' corn at a trifling expense per bushel. On the first day he succeeded admirably, but on the next, when the speculator went to resume his labors, to his utter consternation, he found the engine which was to work him wealth, broken into atoms, and dispersed in every possible direction. On inquiry he found the country people had consulted on its efficiency, and came to a resolution, in which they were assisted by the parish priest, that the devil was inside the engine, and they were determined, as good Christians, to have nothing to do with him, but in the fair way of trade.

Spanish Highways and Byways.

Amusements of Ferdinand. While I was in Madrid, the favorite pastime of the King and Queen was of rather an extraordinary kind, especially as the Queen was on the eve of her accouchment. It consisted of looking at the wild beasts, which are kept in the Retiro.

Almost every evening, about five o'clock, the royal carriage might be seen crossing the Prado, on its way towards the menagerie, and as the Retiro was generally my afternoon lounge, I had frequent opportunities of seeing this royal diversion. There is a large square about two hundred yards across, inclosed with iron railings, and round the interior of this court are the cages of the wild animals; and in this court sat the King and Queen upon a bench, while the animals were turned out for their amusement—such of them at least as were peaceable—camels, elephants, zebras, &c. The keepers mounted upon the backs of the animals, and made them trot round the area; and when this had been done often enough to please their Majesties, the beasts were led in front of their royal visitors, and made to kneel; which act of homage, however, they sometimes refused to perform. Upon one occasion, the man who rode the camel, not being able to keep his seat, turned his face towards the tail, sitting upon the neck of the animal; their Majesties were in ecstasies at this exhibition; the King, I thought, would have died with laughter.

Forests of Quindiu. Humboldt and Bonpland, however, not choosing to travel on men's backs, preferred the alternative of walking barefooted.—This circumstance, with the necessity of fording torrents of icy water, rendered this journey extremely distressing. Their guides, before they entered the forests of Quindiu, plucked in the neighboring mountains several hundred leaves of the vijao, a plant of the family of the bananas; these leaves, about twenty inches long by fourteen in breadth, are covered with a peculiar varnish, that enables them to resist the rain during a long time. About a hundred weight of these leaves is sufficient to cover a hut capable of containing six or eight persons. On entering the forest, a few branches lopped from the trees form the frame of a tent, which in a few minutes is covered with the leaves of the vijao; under these leafy tents, which remain perfectly dry amidst violent and incessant rains, our travellers spent some days in the valley of Boquia. The labors of the journey to Quindiu were amply repaid by the examination of the treasures which nature here unfolds. Here they found the palm-tree, the trunk of which is covered with a vegetable wax, employed by the natives in the fabrication of tapers; here the peak of Tolena rises from forests in which the passion-flower assumes the character of a large tree, and the bamboo attains a gigantic size.

History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.

Anecdote. On an order for the sale of certain classes of British government vessels some time since, the brig Nimrod, rendered famous by her cruise on this station and her participation in the bombardment of Stonington, during the last war, was, among others, disposed of. Her purchaser had her cut in two, lengthened, and converted into a ship, and she has, for the last two or three years been a regular trader between Liverpool and Charleston, South Carolina. During the last season, whilst lying at the wharf in the latter place, a small fishing smack, belonging to Groton, Conn. in hauling out of dock, came alongside the Nimrod, whose crew, in the genuine spirit of John Bull, commenced their screams on the worthy adventurers from the land of stone-ware and patent corn-shellers, who bore it however, for some time, without deigning to reply. On hauling past, the letters on the stern of the smack were espied by the crew of the ship, who commenced repeating them, somewhat in the style a stupid school boy would his lesson. Her name was made out after apparent difficulty, but the place whence she sailed they could not or would not understand. "G-r-o-t-o-n—Gro-ton—where the d—l is that, Jonathan?" The skipper could endure it no longer. "It is near Stonington," exclaimed he—"if you don't know where that is, ask your old hulk, for d—n me if she can't tell you." *New Bedford Gazette.*

How to catch 'em. The natives of the Indian Archipelago have a very peculiar mode of catching monkeys. They make an opening in the top of a cocoa nut, large enough to admit a monkey's hand; through this opening they extract the kernel and introduce lumps of sugar into the shell, which they fasten to the branch of a tree, leaving a person to watch it. As soon as the monkey perceives the shell, it proceeds to examine it, and on ascertaining the contents, inserts a hand, grasps a piece of the sugar, and although it finds it impossible to withdraw his hand with the sugar in it, yet such is the avidity of this greedy animal, that it will not let the sugar go to save itself, but actually perseveres in its efforts to extract it, until it is taken by the person on the watch. Are there not bipeds in this country who resemble the monkey, in their unwillingness to let go the lump of sugar? Had the Boroughmongers conceeded in some degree to the wishes of the country a few years ago, they might still have been extracting the sugar, although in smaller lumps. *Glasgow Chronicle.*

Premium Offered. Through the liberality of two individuals, "The American Peace Society" are permitted to increase the premium offered to Five Hundred Dollars for the best and One Hundred for the second best Dissertation on the subject of "a Congress of Nations, for the amicable adjustment of national disputes, and for the promotion of universal peace without recourse to arms," to be sent free of expense, on or before the first of April next, to D. E. Wheeler, Esq. 33 Nassau-street, New-York, accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the name of the author, and superscribed with the signature or motto upon the Dissertation. *L. D. DEWEY, Rec. Sec.*

N. B. The judges of the Dissertations will be among the first jurists and civilians of our country.

NOTES ON ILLINOIS.

WILD ANIMALS.

The buffalo has entirely left us. Before the country was settled our immense prairies afforded pasturage to large herds of this animal; and the traces of them are still remaining, in the "buffalo paths" which are to be seen in several parts of the state. These are well beaten tracks, leading generally from the prairies in the interior of the state, to the margins of the large rivers; showing the course of their migration as they changed their pastures periodically, from the low marshy alluvion, to the dry upland plains. In the heat of summer they would be driven from the latter by prairie fires, in the autumn they would be expelled from the former by the mosquitoes; in the spring the grass of the plains would afford abundant pasturage, while the herds could enjoy the warmth of the sun, and snuff the breeze that sweeps so freely over them; in the winter the rich cane of the river banks, which is evergreen, would furnish food, while the low grounds thickly covered with brush and forest, would afford protection from the bleak winds. I know few subjects more interesting than migration of wild animals, connecting as it does the singular displays of brute instinct with a wonderful exhibition of the various supplies which nature has provided for the support of animal life, under an endless variety of circumstances. These paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that the animals travelled in single file through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase, to a certain extent, with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighborhood of man, from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young particularly can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until a deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very nearly in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain; then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighboring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer, and again it would be borne away and lost in distance. We have passed nearly whole nights in listening to such sounds, and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately past the door at which we sat, followed by his audacious pursuers, who were but a few yards in his rear.

Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export. The former are purchased from the hunters at 25 cents a pair, the latter at 20 cents a pound. In our villages we purchase, for our tables, the saddle of venison with the hams attached, for 37 1-2 cents, which would be something like one cent per pound.

There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most generally the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback, in the day time, selecting particularly certain hours, which are thought to be most favorable. It is said that during the seasons when the pastures are green, this animal rises from his lair, precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour therefore is always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding shades. On beholding a deer the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit, until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game. It is extremely dangerous to approach a wounded deer. Timid and harmless as this animal is at other times, he no sooner finds himself deprived of the power of flight than he becomes furious, and rushes upon his enemy making desperate lunges with his sharp horns, and striking and tramping violently with his fore legs, which being extremely muscular and armed with sharp hoofs, are capable of inflicting very severe wounds. Aware of this circumstance, the hunter approaches him with caution, and either secures his prey by a second shot, where the first has been but partially successful, or as is more frequently the case, causes his dog to seize the wounded ani-

mal, while he watches his own opportunity to stab him with his hunting knife. Sometimes, where a noble buck is the victim, and the hunter is impatient or inexperienced, terrible conflicts ensue on such occasions.

Another mode, is to watch at night, in the neighborhood of the salt licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or most generally in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed like a masked battery, with logs or green boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly, and objects may be readily discovered. At the rising of the moon or shortly after, the deer having risen from their beds, approach the lick. Such places are generally denuded of timber, but surrounded by it, and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moon light, he stops, looks cautiously around, and snuffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he "snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle shot, and until its position in relation to the hunter and the light shall be favorable, when he fires with an unerring aim. A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed.

Another practice is called *driving*, and is only practised in those parts of the country where this kind of game is scarce, and where hunting is pursued as an amusement. A large party is made up, and the hunters ride forth with their dogs. The hunting ground is selected, and as it is pretty well known what tracks are usually taken by the deer when started, an individual is placed at each of these passes to intercept the retreating animal. The scene of action being thus, in some measure, surrounded, small parties advance with the dogs from different directions, and the startled deer, in flying, most generally pass some of the persons who are concealed, and who fire at them as they pass.

The elk has disappeared. A few have been seen in late years, and some taken; but it is not known that any remain at this time, within the limits of the state.

The bear is seldom seen. This animal inhabits those parts of the country that are thickly wooded, and delights particularly in cane brakes, where it feeds in the winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is tender and finely flavored, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds: the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavor to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded.—The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffalo were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family. Our heroic females have sometimes shot them under such circumstances.

The smell of burning assafetida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odor, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner, and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labor, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following

may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing in the night, in the lower parts of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance, he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man, was going through the woods with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animal became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the way side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled, and leaped, and endeavored with every expression of rage to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened. Then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement, for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbors assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit, round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance, this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in color it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between this animal and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf, in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia.

Several years ago an agricultural society which was established at the seat of government, offered a large premium to the person who should kill the greatest number of wolves in one year. The legislature at the same time offered a bounty for each wolf scalp that should be taken. The consequence was that the expenditure for wolf scalps became so great, as to render it necessary to repeal the law. These animals, although still numerous, and troublesome to the farmer, are greatly decreased in number, and are no longer dangerous to man. We know of no instances in late years, of a human being having been attacked by them.

We have the fox, in some places in great numbers; though generally speaking I think the animal is scarce. It will undoubtedly increase with the population.

The panther and wild-cat are found in our forests. Our open country is not, however, well suited to their shy habits, and they are less frequently seen than in some of the neighboring states.

The beaver and otter, were once numerous, but are now seldom seen, except on our frontiers.

The gopher, is as we suppose, a non-descript.—The name does not occur in books of natural history, nor do we find any animal of a corresponding description. The only account that we have seen of it, is in Long's 2d Expedition. In a residence in this state of eleven years we have

never seen one, nor have we ever conversed with a person who has seen one—we mean, who has seen one near enough to examine it, and to be certain that it was not something else. That such an animal exists is doubtless. But they are very shy and their numbers small. They burrow in the earth and are supposed to throw up those hillocks which are seen in such vast abundance over our prairies. This is to some extent a mistake, for we know that many of these little mounds are thrown up by craw-fish, and by ants.

The polecat is very destructive to our poultry. The raccoon and opossum are very numerous, and extremely troublesome to the farmer, as they not only attack his poultry, but plunder his corn-fields. They are hunted by boys, and large numbers of them destroyed. The skins of the raccoons pay well for the trouble of taking them, as the fur is in demand.

Rabbits are very abundant, and some places extremely destructive to the young orchards, and to garden vegetables.

We have the large grey squirrel, and the ground squirrel.

There are no rats, except along the large rivers, where they have landed from the boats.

Illinois Magazine.

From the London Court Journal.

THE CROAKINGS OF A DOWAGER BEAUTY.

"My May of life has fallen into the sea and yellow leaf."

"So," said the Dowager Countess of Matton to her toady, Mrs. Gelatine, as her ancient bays and antediluvian coach waddled and jolted round the ring in Hyde-park, between dinner and tea, a few mornings ago—"So I find that my grand-daughter Lady Warcister's picture has been engraved, and that she is called in the print shops 'the beauty of the house of Matton!'"

"A very lovely young creature, indeed, my lady, quite the belle of the day."

"Humph!—all nonsense! mere stuff! I remember that was what they used to say of me fifty years ago."

"No one has forgotten it, my lady; all the world is struck by the resemblance between Lady Warcister at five and twenty and your ladyship at eighteen. The same eye-brows to a hair!—just what our friend, the Rev. Dr. Fuzboos, called the 'twin reflections of Diana's bow!'"

"That was very prettily said of the Doctor;—almost equal to the sonnet penned by Jemingham on my first appearance at Court."

"And Merry, if I recollect, stuck out some very elegant stanzas on the same interesting subject."

"Ah, Gelatine! few of the Della Crusicans but said something about me. They used to call me Alcibella in their verses. But Heaven knows I cared but very little for their praises in those days! for, after all, it was only the twittering of sparrows after the song of the nightingale. Fitzpatrick had already penned in my honor those charming lines—

"Were she but fair as hours when they wait,

"Darker and of soft, at the immortal gate!"

"Bless my soul! nobody writes in that style now-a-days."

"And your ladyship forgets Sheridan's epigram!"

"And Hare's bon mot."

"Ah! my dear Lady Matton; nobody talks in that style now-a-days. Nothing but political squibs and lampoons are the order of the day!"

"In fact, my dear Gelatine, there is so much of every thing in these times, that nothing makes so much sensation as it formerly did; beauty, wit, talent, luxury, taste,—on every side the million press so closely upon us—the little word has forced its pretensions so strangely upon the acceptance of the great world—that it is difficult for any person to become really distinguished."

"Very true, my lady."

"Whereas, in my day, half a dozen beauties, half a dozen beaux esprits, and half a dozen givers of fetes regulated the ton of London."

"The influence of the court was then so considerable, that, like Gulliver in Lilliput, it imparted a character of pigmyism to the rest of society. Among such minnows it was difficult to be a Triton."

"After all, to what amounts my grand-daughter Warcister's fame as a belle? What fashion, what carriage, what whim of the day was ever called a Warcister? The utmost praise she receives consists in 'Lady Warcister looked very well at the last drawing room,' or 'Lady Warcister is one of the prettiest women in the circle of the Opera,—only she dresses too much in the extreme of the French fashions,' or, 'Lady W. did not look amiss at Abnacks—but she should not waltz in a hat and feathers.' Now, in my time, my dear Gelatine, in those madcap days when the Prince

took off my white satin slipper, filled it with Burgundy, and drank it off in my honor,—there were Matton phaetons, and Matton fly-caps,—Matton ponies, and Matton negliges,—Matton footstools, and Matton hampercloths. Books, songs, operas, sermons, sonnets were dedicated to the divine Lady Matton. Whenever Matton's equipage appeared in the ring, there was as great a crush as on the occasion of the Don Cossack's first gallop round Hyde-park:—Townsend always considered it his duty to allow me a runner for my sedan to the drawing room;—and Taylor of the Opera was obliged to take precautions for the dispersion of the crowd that used to assemble in Pop's Alley under my box. One never hears of so many as two or three gathered together in honor of any fashionable lady now-a-days."

"No Lady Coventry, nothing to compare with Isabella Duchess of Rutland, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, or Lady William Gordon, or—" "Pardon me, my good Gelatine, pardon me!—For the Duchess of Rutland we have her lovely grand-daughters, Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson; and my friend the Duchess of Devonshire, whose fascinations depended very little on the beauty of her face, is fully rivalled by Lady Gower and Lady Georgiana. I admit that there may be as many handsome faces in the days of William IV. as in those of George III., but they do not produce half the sensation—"

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are seen, 'tis vain to be a belle."

"The utmost tribute bestowed on these the said belles of the new century is to name a horse, a dog, or a yacht, in their honor. When Count St. Antonio first visited Yorkshire, he found a horse entered for the St. Leger as "La San Catalda"—the name of his own beautiful sister—and was about to resent the affront, when the Sicilian noble was informed that such a mark of favoritism was intended as a signal proof of homage by the English noble to whose stud the racer belonged."

"Ah! Gelatine!—show different were the proofs of devotion tendered to myself!—If I had but a cold, Arlington-street was crowded with inquirers to the imminent danger of every pannel in every fashionable equipage in London; and once, when my *ris-a-vis* was overturned in coming from Paedherotti's concert, for full ten days I was obliged to have bulletins issued by old Warren and Sir Walter Farquhar."

"There is not a beauty of the year 1831, but might break every bone in her skin without any such necessity."

"And again, when I accidentally burnt off my curls on one temple, and appeared at St. James's with a bouquet of pearls to supply their place, Constable, the Jeweller, was employed to make two hundred and ninety-three ornaments exactly similar, in the course of the following week; and before the close of the season every woman in London had cut short the ringlets over her left eyebrow! Ah! *ces beaux jours de fête sont passés!*"

"Your ladyship does not consider that your ladyship's influence—"

"Would not suffice to introduce a new collar for puppy dogs? Ah! Gelatine! It was a hard trial when the first symptom of the crow's foot, revealed by one of those clear bright mornings in June, which no blench can escape, told me the frightful tale that my kingdom was taken from me! I was going to the drawing room; no friendly bunnet—no kindly veil was there to overshadow the fact, it defied Gowland,—pearl powder was mere powder of post in its removal! For many nights I was kept sleepless by the excruciating discovery; and want of rest, and fretting, and fruitless repining over the past, only tended to accelerate the progress of premature old age. I tried Bath;—I attempted the Harrogate, Bournemouth, Malvern, Spa, Pymont, Barege, Pagnères, Plombières, Emms, and Carlisbade waters in hopes of experiencing some renovating magic, but all without success! Not a cosmetic was advertised but I put it to the proof; not a fashionable quack assisted the depopulation of the west end, but I gave a fair trial to his nostrums. Every year was signalized by some farther misfortune; by an increase of hoary hairs, in a decrease of pearly teeth;—my locks grew white—my emeralds black! I tried succedaneum,—I attempted vegetable dye,—wore plumpers, or demi-billiard balls, in my hollow cheeks,—slept with plantain leaves on my nose to keep it white, and a balsamic poultice to my face to render it fresh and blooming. At the opera, I turned my white shoulders to the audience, and my withering visage towards the shadowy side of the box, and no longer ventured to encounter the stare of the ring, unless through the qualifying medium of a blonde veil! Ah! Gelatine! I soon discovered that had my *ris-a-vis* been wrecked a second time and my neck

broken, a bulletin would have been wholly superfluous!"

"Your ladyship! My dear lady Matton, pray compose yourself."

"Year after year I changed my mantua-maker—season after season threw myself on the mercy of some new miliner. I thickened the substance of the holland blinds of my drawing-room,—varied the tint of my carriage linings, and deepened the shade of my rouge. I migrated from the pit circle to the third tier at the opera,—chose a box in discreet equi-distance between the chandeliers; but all in vain!—Ugliness pursued me like a shadow,—old age croaked after me like an echo. Draughts of air and open doors drove my rheumatic joints from the ball room,—an indigestive red nose from the dinner table,—wrinkles and white lead from daylight,—sommolency and decrepitude from candlelight!—And lo! I am here! I, the once worshipped beauty of the park, am hum-drumming my afternoon, airing with a companion and a lapdog—"

"Your ladyship's pocket-handkerchief! My dearest Lady Matton, pray compose yourself."

"Look at Lady Wycombie!" muttered the weeping dowager from behind the folds of cambric ministered to her use by Mrs. Gelatine;—"Look at Lady Wycombie; that was her chariot that just rolled by. What has she to render her discontented with the progress of time. She was a fright from her birth,—her minuet never gave rise to an ode,—her marriage to a *felo-de-se*. Nobody ever cared whether she was sick or sorry; and she is as much an object of interest now, in her old grey bonnet and mode cloak, as during the riots of eighty; while I—O! Gelatine! Gelatine! why was I ever born a beauty?"

"Coachman!—drive home! Her ladyship is in a swoon."

ODE TO A BEEF-STEAK PIE.

BY JACK SCROGGINS.

I gaze upon thee, beef-steak pie,
With empty maw, and longing eye,
But truly, thou'rt a mocker;
For tho' you seem so wry nice
I musn't go and hax the price—
I'm minus in my locker.

Oh! that I might assault you gratis,
With lots of gravy, crust and tatts,
Wash'd down with quarts of stout;
How I would bolt in the luscious fare
Nor envy London's worthy Mayor,
A mansion house tucked out.

But not to Scroggins 'tis decreed
Upon the beef-steak pie to feed,—
Alas! for the expense!
No longer, tantalizing, cause
Moisture to trickle from my jaws,
Hence, tempting wittles, hence!

Tho' sad it is to say farewell,
I can't abide your savory smell
It causes strange distortions;
O! if, all ready for attack
Some friend should whisper, "Go it Jack!"
I'd spoil your fair proportions.

With joy my knife and fork I'd thrust
Within thy brown and tempting crust
Starvation not afraid of;
And while your scent rejoiced my nose
Your entrails I would soon expose,
And see what you were made of.

But all in vain 'tis mine to sigh
Forthy contents, Oh, Beef-Steak Pie,
And wherefore should it fret 'um;
You arter all, perhaps, are made
Of ox with vile disease decay'd
Or some infernal wet 'um.

B 10's Life in London.

He Drinks. The term of reproach "*he drinks*," is no longer to be exclusively the designation of a lost man. "*He eats*," is to become by the progress of modern refinement, equally the mark of scorn and detraction. Why so? asks a gentle reader from the interior, who has not visited the city lately—the answer is at hand—a crusade has already been begun against bread! Yes—against bread as an article of food—and why? The intemperate temperate people say that whiskey is made from grain, and so is bread, ergo, (or rather *ergot*) bread is as bad as whiskey! *He eats, bread*, may be a term of reproach in 1850, equal to "*he is a drunkard*." We would not be understood to condemn the temperate efforts of temperate men—on the contrary, we would second them all in our power, but the intemperate exertions of intemperate demagogues must ever meet their just reward in these columns. Philadelphia Bulletin.

All according to their rank have their evils to suffer; none have letters of exemption.

VARIETY.

Mrs. — Late of the Federal Street Theatre. It is said that Mrs. Siddons once frightened a shop-keeper into fits by the solemn and awful manner with which she inquired.

"Sir, did I understand you then to say
This calico would — WAS IT?"

We can vouch for the truth of a similar anecdote which is related of Mrs. —, an amiable lady, once among the ornaments of the Boston stage, who retired a few years since from a profession in which she was wont to sustain the Lady Macbeths and other tragically queens with great applause. This lady as her acquaintances well know, had assumed upon the stage the deep toned voice,—the lofty air and mien of majesty, and the measured blank-verse accent, for so many years, that much of it was apparent in her manner and conversation even in the social circle. Going one day into Barrett's the dyer's, to examine a piece of silk which she had sent to be colored, a young man in attendance informed her that the goods had not taken the new color well, and that several spots showed themselves very distinctly. Thereupon, the lady seized the silk, and taking a fine attitude as she held it to the light, exclaimed

Spots did you say! WHAT SPOTS! I see NO SPOTS!"

The effect was electrical. The young man stood rooted to the floor in amazement, while his hair became like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." Beau — who happened to be by, left the shop, in evident consternation, and two interesting girls present, burst into tears and retired with unequivocal symptoms of distress. The young ladies declare they have never recovered from the shock which their nerves received on the occasion.

Boston Galaxy.

The two Dromedoes. A young man called upon us this morning, with a request that we would use all diligence in checking the circulation of a report that he had been fined, by the Police Court, \$15 and costs, for *uproarious* behaviour on the Common; at the same time producing last evening's Transcript, and pointing to the name of David W. Rice, which appeared in our Police Report. "He was never before the Police Court in his life; he never threw fire balls nor stones, on the Common; never shouted nor hallooed; never hissed the Marshal, insulted the Mayor, nor struck a constable; never broke a lamp or 'floored a Charley.'" The poor fellow was plunged into an abyss of despondency. "The Transcript circulated all over Portland, and what would his friends think when they saw his name in the paper, and were told that he had been dragged, by a constable, into the Police Office, and there fined seventeen dollars and a half for kicking up a row on Boston Common. It was too bad; he couldn't stand it; his reputation was gone—to Portland—and he would have to follow it, and clear up his character."

We offered to save him the trouble and expense—did the best we could to quiet his perturbed spirits, and promised to inform his friends in the East, that the lad who suffered disgrace of a Police Court prosecution, and was made to pay the penalty of his folly, was not David W. Rice, the young Portland printer, but, we say it reluctantly, one of our Boston boys, who, unless he amends, will never reach beyond the *lower case*, although he live to become grey headed.

Boston Transcript.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

THE DISSATISFIED ANGLER BOY.

I'm sorry they let me go down to the brook;
I'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook;
And I wish I had staid at home with my book!

I'm sure 'twas no pleasure to see
That poor, little, harmless, suffering thing
Silently writhe at the end of the string:
And to hold the pole, when I felt him swing
In torture, and all for me!

'Twas a beautiful, speckled and glassy trout—
And when from the water I brought him out,
In the grass on the bank, as he flound'ed about,

It made me shiver cold,
To think I had caused so much needless pain;
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain—
Oh! never as long as I live, again,
May I such a sight behold!

O what would I give once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free,
And darting about as he ought to be,

Unhurt, in his own native brook!
'Tis strange how people can love to play,
By taking innocent lives away!—
I wish I had staid at home to-day,

With sister, and read my book!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Three things give access to monarchs: the fine arts, wealth and eloquence.

It is less troublesome to be sick than to have the care of a sick person.

Good Leaping. Mr. Anderson, horse-dealer of Piccadilly, last week laid a wager of one hundred sovereigns, with L. Gilmour, of hunting celebrity, that one of the hunters, he, Mr. A. has now on sale, shall leap over a horse measuring sixteen hands high, standing harnessed in a cab, only to have one try; if he fell in jumping, to lose, if he succeeded in getting over in a sportsman like manner, to win. This feat took place at a quarter past seven, on Thursday evening week, in Mr. Anderson's yard, in the presence of several noblemen and gentlemen. The horse standing to be leaped over was a grey, sixteen hands one inch high, belonging to Lord Fitzharris; the jumping horse was a black brown, a gallant looking hunter, master of fifteen stone. The grey horse was harnessed in a cab, in the same manner in which he is driven, and put on the gravel walk in the yard the cab stood on the straw, where the horses are exercised. The horse was ridden with great nerve by a man weighing thirteen stone, including saddle, &c.; he came in from Piccadilly over the pavement, and, to the surprise and delight of nearly all present, jumped over the loins of the grey in the most brilliant manner ever witnessed. The reins were tied tight to the dashing-iron by the umpire of the opposite party; the horse just caught the reins with one of his hind feet, but his power in the act of jumping was so great that it was only perceived by a few. The Com. d'Orsay, and Col. Lowther were the umpires—the former for Mr. Anderson. They expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the result. We understand that Mr. A. is willing to stake 150*l.* to 100*l.* that he has a horse that shall jump over two other horses in double harness, the same height (16 hands,) at one jump, or one at a time, separated 100 yards from each other. London paper.

Original Anecdote. Not many years ago a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be this as it may, the following dialogue ensued:

Court.—What is your name, sir?

Answer.—My name is Knott Martin, your honor.

C.—Well, what is it?

A.—It is Knott Martin.

C.—"Not Martin," again! We don't ask you what your name is *not*, but what it *is*. No contempt of Court, sir!

A.—If your honor will give me leave, I'll spell my name.

C.—Well, spell it.

A.—K n o double t, Knott, m a r, mar, t i n, tin, Martin—Knott Martin.

C.—O, very well, Mr. Martin, we see through it now; but it is one of the most *knotty* cases we have had before us for some time. Yeoman's Gag.

Elopement Extraordinary. Last week, Horncastle [ominous name!] was the scene of an elopement, in humble life. A plumber and glazier carried off a fair milliner; but he was overtaken by her friends, and surrendered his indiscreet charge at discretion to her flinty hearted friends. The glass cutter it seems was her *beau ideal* of Wit, so exquisitely described by little Moore:—

At Beauty's door of Glass,
Where Wit and Wealth once stood,
They ask'd her which might pass—
She answered he that could.
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
Whilst Wit a diamond brought,
And cut his bright way through!

Conversation. Avoid quotations unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

We remember, says the Mobile Patriot, an old anecdote, which tells of two Butchers, one named Bone and the other Skin, who undertook for some reason to starve a village they had before been accustomed to supply. A wag produced upon the circumstance the following lines:—

Bone and Skin, two butchers thin,
To starve the town declare it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood won't bear it.

Quizzical but not Quizzable. As a party of young men from the City were riding a few days since through Cambridge, being somewhat vinous, they amused themselves with "tricks upon travellers;"—laughing at their queer answers. The sport went on merrily until one of them asked a sober citizen if he would "have the goodness to inform him in what State they were?"—"State of Intoxication Sir" was the ready reply of the interrogated. The young men's heads bent to their saddle bows. They rode on, satisfied for the present, that there was no fun in quizzing. Transcript.

A Chinese Bride. The greatest rarity, however, after this feast, was the sight of a Chinese bride. The son of our host having been married a few days before, we were honored (according to the usage of the country, during the honeymoon) with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person (perhaps 17 years of age,) of middling stature, with very agreeable features and light complexion, though she occasionally seemed to us to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground. The sleeves were very full, and along the bottom ran a beautiful fringe of small bells. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, and most elegantly bedecked with rows of pearls encircling it like a coronet; from the front of which a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, joined together, but folded in her robe, she lifted several times to view her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a peep at that consummation of Chinese beauty, the lady's feet, raised the hem of the mantle from her, for a moment or two. They were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. Her shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, encased with gold. In justice to the poor creature, during this torturing exhibition (as we imagine it must have been to her,) her demeanour was natural and becoming, and once or twice something like half a smile for an instant, showed that she was not entirely unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited, nor much displeased by it.

Tyerman and Bond's Travels.

Dear Pilgrims. During the last war, a large brig, bound from Baltimore to Boston, with a valuable cargo, was chased by a British frigate, and her only chance of escaping was by running in close to the land, somewhere between the Vineyard and Narragansett Bay. The frigate was fast gaining on her, and the land close ahead. The captain being ignorant of the channel into the harbour, was on the point of running his vessel ashore, when a fisherman came off, and carried the brig snugly into port, leaving the frigate to look for another chase. When they came to anchor off the town, the captain inquired of the pilot what the charge was. "Why sir," replied he, "times are very hard—provisions high—danger of being carried to Halifax—family to provide for—upon my word, captain, you must not consider me exorbitant—considering the risk and all other things, I cannot in conscience afford to take less than TWENTY CENTS."

New-Bedford Gazette.

We have been told a little anecdote, says the New-Bedford Spectator, by the following anecdote related in Park's Travels in Africa:

"As the traveller was entering the town of Kolor, he saw a strange dress composed of bark, hanging upon a tree. He asked the people what this meant, and they told him it belonged to *Mumbo Jumbo*. When he inquired about this person they told the following story:—"*Mumbo Jumbo* is a terrible fellow, whose business it is to keep the married women in good order. (What a task he must have!) If any one of them behaves ill, or displeases her husband, he calls upon *Mumbo*. The terrible judge comes into the town, clothed in the dress, which he has taken down from the tree. Then all the inhabitants of the town assemble together; *Mumbo* goes among them, and they have songs, revels and dances, till midnight. Then the unruly wife is seized, and severely whipped."

PENMANSHIP.

G. ELY, 174 Broadway, respectfully acquaints the citizens of New-York, that he has returned and will resume teaching on the first Monday in September. Hours of tuition from 4 to 6 P. M.

Sept. 3.

PERFUMRY AND FANCY ARTICLES.

257 HUDSON-STREET,

One door above Charlton-street.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a store at the above place, where he intends keeping a general assortment of *Perfumry, Fancy Articles and Stationery.*

W. APPELGATE,

257 Hudson-street.

W. A. continues his Printing-Office at the same place.

Sept. 3, 1831.

IMPROVED SARSAPARILLA PANACEA, OR COMPOUND SYRUP.

THIS is one of the most powerful purifiers and vegetable alteratives known in nature. It, with the use of Antimonials and Cicuta, constitutes the chief reliance of the celebrated *MATHIAS* and other eminent surgeons, in curing mercurial, pseudo, syphilitic diseases. Manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail at the lowest prices, by

Dr. LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

No. 20 Fulton and 56 Division-streets,

Sept. 3, 1831.

New-York.

MAGIC MATCHES, or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

aug. 13

N. B. GRAHAM, jun.

28 Cedar, corner William st.

ROBERT LOWE, JR. HAIR CUTTER.

Re-opened at 80 Nassau-street, (Between John and William-streets.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY. Extra Class No. 25, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 31st of Aug., 1831, at half past 4 P. M. 66 number Lottery 10 drawn ballots.

1	Prize of	\$20,000	is	\$20,000
1	6,000			6,000
1	2,500			2,500
1	2,270*			2,270
10	1,000			10,000
10	500			5,000
20	250			5,000
40	100			4,000
51	50			2,550
51	40			2,040
51	30			1,530
51	25			1,275
102	20			2,040
1530	10			15,300
11475	5			57,375

13,395 prizes, amounting to 136,580

YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

* Of which \$1020 is available in hand.

SUPERIOR SEIDLITZ AND SODA POWDERS.

THE exact proportions and excellent quality of the ingredients in these Powders, and the neat and durable manner in which they are put up, removes the cause for disguising them with foreign labels and stamps. The subscriber feels disposed that their reputation should stand upon their merits; and if they are not as good as ever were offered for sale, he hopes his present extensive sale may not be increased. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at No. 20 Fulton and 56 Division streets, by

Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK.

Sept. 3, 1831.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, the loss of their teeth, to his admirable Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and varnished surface most beautiful to the eye, and that peculiar enamel appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to render the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE, and with their colour, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon this subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as laudable manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying tooth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, amalgam paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus tartar, hence removing that regularly disgusting taint of bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON.

Manufacturer and Insertor of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers-street.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 28 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with these distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 33 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENSETT.

NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT LINE. FOR ALBANY—From the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Barclay-street.

PASSAGE \$2. MEALS EXTRA.

DAY LINE.

The low pressure steam-boat North America, Captain James Benson,

Leaves New-York Leaves Albany Tuesday, Wednesday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Sunday.

The low pressure steam-boat Albany, Captain Joseph Jenkins.

Leaves New-York Leaves Albany Wednesday, Tuesday, at 7 o'clock, A. M. Friday, and Thursday, & Saturday, Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat New Philadelphia, Capt. George E. Seymour,

Leaves New-York Leaves Albany Tuesday, Monday, at 5 P. M. Thursday, Wednesday, & Friday, Friday, at 4 P. M. Saturday, Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat Dewitt Clinton, Captain Sherman.

Leaves New-York Leaves Albany Monday, Tuesday, at 5 P. M. Thursday, Wednesday, & Friday, Friday, at 4 P. M. Saturday, Saturday.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST,

HAVING occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor, Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazer Paruly, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.

E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 26 Park Place.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st, North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts. May 28

VEGETABLE CERATE AND HAIR RESTORATIVE.

HAIR RESTORATIVE, and Preservative Vegetable Cerate,

A REMEDY for baldness and the falling off of the hair. For the last eight years this valuable discovery has gained the highest reputation, and has been used by more than 20,000 people, and given the greatest satisfaction.

The fullest reliance may be placed in the efficacy and power of the Vegetable Cerate, not only in restoring and preventing the falling off of the hair, but in producing the greatest lustre and liveliness of it imaginable; the verity of which has been proved by many years experience. It tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these, like many other organs of the animal body which have been in a state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature. In many instances, that disagreeable disease among children, the scald head, has been effectually cured by the Cerate. Persons embarking on long voyages or going to warm climates, will find it to their advantage to take the Cerate with them, as all hot climates are so injurious to baldness. To guard against impositions, the Cerate is now put up in glass bottles, with the words "Vegetable Cerate and Hair Restorative," longitudinally blown in the glass. There are certificates left with the different agents, which are sufficient to convince any person who will call and read them, of the salutary effect this valuable article has on the production and growth of hair. The public are cautioned against a spurious imitation of the Cerate, and in order to prevent imposition, the sale of it will be confined in this city to the following drug stores—James H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets; Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street; Patrick Dickie, 413 Broadway; John B. Dodd, Franklin House, 193 Broadway; Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park; H. C. Thorp, 399 Broadway and David Perkins, 29 Maiden Lane.

Marshall C. Slocum, corner Broadway and Duane streets; Benjamin G. Jansen, 189 1-2 Hudson street; Dr. Church, 188 Bowery; and at the corner of William and Beekman streets, agents for the proprietor.

None are genuine except purchased from the above places. Price \$1 75 per bottle—\$15 per doz.

Dr. William Burgoine has been agent for these eight years in Charleston, S. C. and continues as such.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH

No 12 Fourth Street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It is supplied with pure spring water, and clean furniture. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed. Those inclined to visit it are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets 25 cents

5 do \$1.00

15 do 2.50

35 do 5.00

New-York, June, 1831

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket, \$0 25
eight do 1 50
forty do 5 00
100 do viz 40 gentle & 60 men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, 10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door and charged for a single ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

WILLIAM M. THORP

New-York, May 7 1831

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

New-York.

Albany, Little & Cummings, Booksellers.

Auburn, Henry Oliphant.

Ballston, Joel Lee, P. M.

Catskill, Dubois & Van Dyck.

Delhi, George Marvine.

Ithica, A. B. Clark.

Lodi, G. N. Star.

Malone, J. G. Clayton.

Newburgh, Charles U. Cushman.

Rome, E. P. Moon.

Phelps, James Davis, Jr.

Saugerties, J. Russell, P. M.

Schenectady, T. J. Sutherland.

Troy, Clark & Hosford, Booksellers.

Pennsylvania.

Butler, John Bredin.

Franklin, James A. Stephens & Co.

Germantown, P. R. Freas & Co.

Gettysburg, Robert W. Middleton.

Lancaster, Thomas Fegan.

Tamaqua, Abraham Rex, P. M.

Ohio.

Cambridge, John Hersh, Jr.

Delaware, Wm. Millikan & Co.

Norwalk, Preston & Buckingham.

Painesville, E. D. Howe.

Sandusky City, E. & J. H. Brown.

Jefferson, Lewis B. Edwards.

Indiana.

Richmond, Nelson Boon.

Maryland.

John H. Hewitt, Baltimore.

Virginia.

Charlottesville, Frederick Isaacs.

Kentucky.

Flemingsburg, John C. Mullan.

New-Jersey.

New-Brunswick, Reuben Ayres.

North Carolina.

Greensborough, William Swain.

Lexington, D. B. Rounsaville.

Georgia.

Augusta, A. H. Pemberton.

Alabama.

Mobile, Charles Thomas.

Tennessee.

Clarksville, F. J. Batson.

Maine.

Portland, Samuel Coleman, Bookseller.

New Hampshire.

Charlestown, Webber & Bowman.

Portsmouth, N. March, Bookseller.

Connecticut.

Hebron, J. B. & D. Lord.

New-England, J. Geo. Harris.

Baldwin & Treadway, New-Haven.

Massachusetts.

Barnstable, S. B. Phinney.

Haverhill, Robbins & Harris.

Lowell, Thomas Billings.

Middle Granville, F. G. Baker.

Salent, W. & S. B. Ives.

Tapton, Joseph L. Lord, P. M.